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FRAUD IN HIGH PLACES—HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

UNCLE SAM—"This is the result of your inefficiency. Captain Robinson says you have known for four years that this man has been defrauding, yet you have kept him in office."

U. S. G.—"Haven't I a right to do as I please? Didn't I come here to have a good time?"

UNCLE SAM—"Yes, it appears so. If I didn't know how averse you are to receiving presents, I might have suspected there was a little divvy somewhere."

FRANK LESLIE'S
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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1876.

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CRIME IN HIGH PLACES.

BELKNAP'S FALL.

WAS there ever such a state of things? In any country, in the whole past history of the human family, did corruption in high places reach such a pitch as it has reached within the last few years in these United States? It is true that the official iniquity of which we now complain is not new in the history of human governments. We have had some glaringly bad examples both in ancient and modern times; but we go back in vain to France under the second Empire, to France prior to the Revolution of '89, to the worst days of corruption in England, even to Rome itself in the last days of her decline and fall, to find anything comparable to the official sins which are now being committed in the midst of us, and which in a long-continued series and in painfully rapid succession are being brought into the full light of day. It was believed by many that with the fall of Tweed, and the exposure of the Tammany frauds, such a warning had been given to office-holders that we might reasonably count upon a period more or less protracted of comparative purity. It was an ill-founded belief. The evil was at once too widespread and too firmly rooted to be easily destroyed. The canal exposures furnished another proof of the character and extent of the malady. The end, however, was not yet. It needed the Whisky Ring trials in St. Louis and Chicago, and these recent revelations in Washington, to show that the disease was not limited to New York State and the Democratic Party, but that it affected both parties and every State in the Union, and had developed itself among all ranks and classes of the people, in the highest places in the land as in the lowest. What with all these facts of recent occurrence at home, with the not yet forgotten record of misdoings at Vienna, and with the exhibitions made respectively by Minister Schenck and Forger Winslow in London, we present a sorry spectacle to the world at large. No nation was ever in sadder or more dishonorable plight.

The latest revelation of official corruption is the worst. The trial of Babcock filled the nation with fear and trembling. It was felt as if the Government itself was on trial—as if those free institutions of which we are justly so proud were at stake. His acquittal was a universal relief. No sooner, however, is Babcock acquitted than the Secretary of War—a man whose privilege it has been to disburse annually millions of the people's money—is forced to confess that he has been making use of his high position and his immense patronage for purposes of private gain, and that he has actually been profiting by the sale of Government posts, and has thus been able to gratify the vanity and adorn the person of a young, beautiful, but gay and ambitious wife. Mr. Marsh, post-trader at Fort Sill, testifies that he obtained the position through Mrs. Belknap, the deceased sister of the Secretary's present wife, on condition that he should pay to the former six thousand dollars a year, and that he faithfully complied with these conditions, and after her death continued the stipulated payments to Mr. Belknap himself. Mr. Secretary Belknap admits that this statement is true. Nothing surpassing this in cool villainy, we venture to affirm, ever happened under the most grasping and avaricious of the Proconsuls of ancient Rome. This is but a solitary example. Is it possible to believe that this is the only instance in which Secretary Belknap has abused his high and sacred trust for the sake of pelf? Coming as this revelation has done, after so many and often repeated charges of official corruption, and following so close upon the Babcock trial—which, after all, though for some special reasons gratifying, was far from

satisfactory—we are almost irresistibly led to the conclusion that depravity among our public men at Washington has reached a depth than which a deeper seems to be impossible. If Babcock and Belknap had been solitary examples we should have felt restrained in venturing upon so sweeping an assertion; but with the recollection of Williams and Delano, and Richardson and Creswell, we feel that restraint is unnecessary. Further exposures will excite no surprise; they are looked for. The wonder rather will be if Robeson does not quickly follow Belknap.

One of the most painful features of this most painful situation is the attitude assumed by President Grant. We have all along been unwilling to entertain the thought that he had any, even the most remote, suspicion of the misdoings of his subordinates. It is daily becoming more and more difficult to abide by this opinion. The President has long since made it apparent to the world that he is not without many noble qualities. One of his noblest qualities is his faithful devotion to his friends. He will not dismiss under fire. This is well so far. It is a virtue which has its qualifications. It is just and right to stick to a friend. It is just and right to stick to a subordinate officer until he is found guilty or until you have sufficient reason to doubt or distrust him. When, however, a friend proves false—when a subordinate proves traitorous to the trust reposed in him, and Judas-like betrays his master for thirty pieces of silver, what was formerly a virtue becomes a vice. It is precisely here where President Grant makes his grand mistake. He does not seem to know when to withhold his confidence. When his friends have proved false to every high and honorable obligation, when they have exposed themselves to the scorn and contempt of their fellow-men, when they have heaped upon his head ruin and lasting dishonor, he will not even then let them go—he clings to them as before. President Grant may himself be entirely innocent. We trust he is. But his stubborn adherence to his friends in disgrace has naturally enough thrown over him a cloud of grave suspicion. He has been too anxious and too active in his efforts to screen the guilty. He let go Williams, only when public sentiment became absolutely overpowering. He let go Delano and Richardson and Creswell, when he ought to have put them on trial. He interfered with the evidence, and saved Babcock. And now, when public indignation has reached a climax because of the scandalous conduct of Belknap, he accepts his resignation, as if to save the gigantic and self-convicted offender from all the consequences of impeachment. If in the face of these facts the public suspect President Grant of a guilty knowledge of the frauds which have been perpetrated under his administration, and by men whom he persists in treating as friends, he has himself to blame. If innocent, he ought to be able to reveal some of the innocent man's scorn towards traitors and scoundrels. If guilty—if he has been floating in the same boat with these bad men—no power which is now in his hands, no care which he can now bestow upon his friends, will save him from the effects of his crime; for the ultimate facts must sooner or later find the light. It will be well for the honor of the American people if our worst fears regarding General Grant should not be realized. It is unfortunate for himself that, even if his hands should be found to be clean, he cannot escape the consequences which must result from the bad company which he has allowed himself to keep, and from the official negligence which has been a characteristic of his rule. He has himself destroyed his prospects for the third term; and he has done much to damage the prospects, if not to ruin the hopes, of the Republican Party for many years to come. Out of evil sometimes comes good—out of darkness light. Let us hope that as the result of this dreadful calamity, the entire people, taking the lesson to heart, and rising to a sense of their duty, will inaugurate a better era—a purer and a nobler state of things. The Centennial year opens amid clouds and darkness. Before the year closes, it may be, we shall see the silver lining.

It is difficult as yet to predict with certainty what the Senate may do in the matter of the impeachment of Belknap. The law seems clear. He is no longer an officer of the Government; and therefore he cannot be removed. The principal object of impeachment is already accomplished. It is true that if tried under impeachment he would be disqualified for ever again holding office under the Government.

THE END OF THE CARLIST REBELLION.

ONCE again the Carlists have failed; and this time the failure is so complete as to justify the opinion that, during the present generation, the surface of European politics will not be disturbed by any Spanish Pretender. For four years the struggle has been maintained; and so strongly entrenched were the adherents and followers

of Don Carlos in the mountain fastnesses of the North, that three successive Governments vainly attempted to dislodge them. Nay, more than once it seemed probable that Don Carlos, abandoning the policy of defense, would march in triumph to Madrid. His friends were numerous, both in the Old World and the New; and there can be no doubt that his failure will be a heavy pecuniary loss to many who willingly helped, from time to time, to replenish his coffers, because of the faith which they had in his ultimate success. The bequest of eight millions from his uncle will enable him to repay his creditors, but it will never be in his power to make reparation for loss of life and limb.

It is now some forty-three years since Carlism became a disturbing element in Spain, and in European politics generally. The present Don Carlos is the fourth of that name who has claimed the Spanish throne. The origin of what is known as Carlism in Spain can be briefly stated. Previous to 1833 what is called the Salic law—a law which limits the succession to the throne to the heirs male—prevailed in Spain, as it has always done in France, and in most of the European kingdoms. In that year, influenced, it is believed, mainly by the ambition of his wife, the then King, Ferdinand VII., issued the Pragmatic Decree, revoking the Salic law; and at his death, which occurred shortly afterwards, his eldest daughter, Isabella, then a mere child, was proclaimed Queen, under the regency of her mother, Maria Christina. The King's second brother, Don Carlos, who was thus shut out, resented the arrangement as an invasion of his rights and a violation of law, raised the standard of rebellion, and was joined by many of the oldest and best families in Spain, as well as by a large body of the people, who believed in the justice of his cause. For seven years the war raged with more or less severity, and during its continuance the civilized world was shocked with the cruelties which were practiced on both sides. Towards the close of 1833, with a view to put an end to a useless and brutal war, Great Britain sent an auxiliary force to the aid of the Spanish Government; and Don Carlos found it necessary to make his escape to France. The war ended, the Cortes confirmed the claims of Isabella, and pronounced sentence of exile against Don Carlos and his adherents. Shortly before his death, which occurred at Trieste in 1855, Don Carlos renounced his claims in favor of his son, the Count of Montemolin. Two of the sons of this latter, in succession, took the name of Don Carlos and asserted the claims of the elder branch of the Spanish Bourbons. The second of these renounced his claims in favor of his son, the present Don Carlos, in 1868. It was claimed by the first Don Carlos—and the claim is maintained by the present head of the family—that King Ferdinand VII. had no right to abolish the Salic law, and that even if he had the right to make such a decree, he had made a second decree overruling the first. Such in brief is the origin of Carlism; and such are the claims set forth by Don Carlos and his friends.

It may seem strange to many of our readers that such a cause should, after the lapse of forty years, and after the National Parliament had finally set the question at rest, have been able to reveal so much vitality as it has done during the last four years. It will seem the less strange if they bear in mind that Carlism represents the Church of Rome and the ancient principle of Divine Right more than any other government possible in Spain, and that consequently its strength lay in the mountain regions of the north and northeast, where the priest still reigns supreme, where the torch of civilization has least penetrated, and where the feudal sentiment, strong as in the Middle Ages, still binds the peasant alike to the altar and the throne. In the larger centres of population Don Carlos had no following; and from the more advanced thought of the nation he received neither support nor sympathy. The success which for a time did attend him, and which inspired his friends with hope, was due to a certain extent to the favorable circumstances of the time. From the Spanish nobility or from the Spanish Church the Republic has never found favor. After the flight of Isabella, there were many who would have preferred Don Carlos to Prim's provisional government. It was greatly to his advantage that the throne was filled for a time by a foreign prince. Don Carlos was much nearer to the Spanish heart than Amadeus of Savoy; and there are many who entertain the opinion that if he had been more active in the Summer of 1872, and adopted a vigorous policy of aggression, he might have been able to claim some glory from the abdication of the Italian prince. Had he been able to make it appear that his success made the abdication a necessity, the republic of Castelar might never have had an existence. As it was, he lost a golden opportunity; and since the advent of Amadeus the failure of the rebellion has been, in the opinion of all intelligent and unprejudiced observers, a

foregone conclusion. As was the case with the Stuart Pretenders in the Highlands of Scotland, he has been able to protract the struggle because of the inaccessible character of the country, and because of the devotion and fidelity of the real-hearted mountaineers.

For the sake of this poor people who in this cause, from first to last, have suffered so much, it is to be hoped that Carlism is dead. It is impossible for us to estimate the sacrifices which these people have made, or the privations to which they have been subjected. A dash of modern progress is what is wanted to crush out the foolish Carlist sentiment which still lingers in the hearts and homes of the Spanish peasantry in the north. The railroad and the telegraph would do more to kill out this sentiment and make another Carlist war impossible than bayonets or rifle-balls, or any amount of revenge which may now be taken. It is to be hoped that the Government of Alfonso will be merciful in this, the hour of their triumph. The peasants of the Basque provinces have suffered enough. The civilized world would cry out against a brutal revenge. Spain needs all her children; and of all her children, she can least afford to sacrifice the misguided, doubtless, but still true-hearted sons of the north. Let the Spanish Government, in place of seeking revenge on a now helpless people, endeavor to open up those dark regions to the light of modern day, to the march of modern improvement, and Alfonso and those who surround his throne will have their reward in restored loyalty and in the good wishes of all good men.

SENSELESS CLAMOR.

THE newspapers and politicians who are taunting the Democratic House of Representatives with doing nothing to hasten the return of specie payments show neither sincerity nor consistency. For nine years, when something might have been done by the Government to raise the value of the greenback, to discourage speculation and to stop the piling-up of debts, the Republican Party did nothing. Did nothing, do we say? We correct ourselves. It added fuel to the flames. Its corruption and extravagance increased the public burdens until they grew to what we see them. It built up a public service which abounds in thieves, and the like of which in former times no man ever dreamed of as possible in this Republic. If we may judge from what has been disclosed already in the whisky trials, we may well shrink from breaking the remaining seals. But the Democrats, they tell us, are doing nothing for specie payments.

The restoration to par of a paper currency depreciated by over-issue to less than nine-tenths of the value of the standard is a work which demands the highest powers of the statesman and the political economist. Debts to the amount of thousands of millions have been contracted in paper dollars. These debts are for dollars, and whenever the gold dollar is again the legal tender of the country, all those debts which are not paid, or otherwise disposed of, will be for gold dollars. We are earnest advocates of the gold standard, but we are not so senseless as to shut our eyes to the state of things now existing in the country. Here are banks, railroads, savings institutions, life insurance companies, States, towns, counties and cities owing sums which can be only reckoned by thousands of millions—milliards, as the French say—the payment of which will extend into the next century. While justice and the interests of law and order demand that there be no inflation, the same considerations render it equally imperative that no violent measures of an opposite character be initiated in hard times like these. If such things are attempted, they will fail.

Let us be clearly understood. Since 1873 we have entered on a period of liquidation. Debts are being diminished. Those who are really bankrupt are beginning to find out that they have no other resource but to confess their insolvency. They must pay what they can and take their discharge. There is no alternative. Inflation is out of the question. It would end in universal repudiation and ruin. If things are now permitted to take their course, if by a slow and natural process the dollar is left to regain its gold value, we shall escape utter bankruptcy. Most of the banks, railroads, savings institutions, life insurance companies, States, towns, counties and cities will pay. Those who do not pay in full will pay what they can. In our humble opinion we have seen the worst. But if we launch our little skiff on the boundless ocean of inflation, it will have no resting-place but the ooze at the bottom. There will be no confidence between debtor and creditor. There will be no inducement to save and lend. It will be insanity to take a mortgage. The entire structure of the commercial world will go to pieces. We see what inflation has already produced. More inflation will only double and quadruple the sufferings of the people.

We must stop this inflation clamor and

"solemn pledge" nonsense, and let things take their course. The farmer and planter are able to sell their products and provide themselves with what they need. Nineteenth of the laborers of the country still find employment. The great debtor institutions, such as the National Government, the savings banks, the railroads and the insurance companies, still pay dollar for dollar, as they have contracted to. Thousands of fraudulent concerns—the spawn of inflation—have given up the ghost, it is true, but is it not for the public good that they should do so? Would not the country be worse off, instead of better, if the Northern Pacific and kindred enterprises had been allowed to waste two thousand million dollars of private savings, instead of one? We have seen the worst, we are firmly convinced; but while the liquidation continues, while nature herself is purging us, the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives do well not to attempt the fabrication of a leaden sieve in which to float back to specie payments. The Grant Administration should be allowed the monopoly of that invention. When the liquidation now going on is completed, when credit is restored, and when economy again prevails in private and public affairs, it will be easy to put our paper money on a proper footing. The true friends of a specie currency, as distinguished from the discarded politicians who are now brawling at the Democrats for doing nothing, have no cause to be discouraged. Our disorders have not come from hard money. Paper money is at the bottom of them, and was never known to cure them. People are now confused on the money question. Give them rest and a little more time to reflect on the subject, and we are satisfied that gold will soon be recognized as the only standard of value which a civilized people can safely adopt in their business transactions.

AMERICAN THREAD INDUSTRY.

AS the woman of to-day looks back over the vista of a hundred years, there is nothing for which she has more reason to be thankful than her liberation from the tyranny of the old-time spinning-wheel. In the last century this implement of domestic toil, though honorable, was the badge of a slavery over which the housewife lamented often and deeply, wishing that she had a hundred hands with which to speed her slow labors. When at last her wish was granted, and not a hundred but a thousand little hands of steel leaped and flashed to do her bidding, her surprise must have been as great as her gratitude. Nowadays, as she takes the slender cotton thread into her hand, it seldom occurs to her to wonder how it has gained its perfect strength, smoothness and flexibility, and by what process it was woven. It has become one of the most natural things in the world to make daily use of the filament that has undergone twenty billions of doublings at the hands of the manufacturer, and to cast no more thought upon it than if it were a product of the soil.

The spinning-wheel was introduced in England, from India, during the reign of Henry VIII., and for more than two hundred years held its sway at the domestic fireside. During the latter half of the last century the inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton revolutionized the processes of spinning, and the introduction of the cotton-gin by Eli Whitney gave a new impetus to the manufacture of cotton goods. The first factory for the production of spool-cotton thread in the United States was erected at Pawtucket, R. I., in 1794, and from that date and point the industry has increased until it has reached extensive proportions. The process of making the thread is both interesting and intricate. The final product is so delicate that the machinery in use must necessarily be adjusted with the most scientific precision. In reaching this point, American inventive genius has achieved a notable triumph, and it deserves the more praise because it has had to contend against the prestige of foreign manufacturers who aspired to control the market. Here let it be said that the idea of using cotton for sewing-thread was first suggested by the wife of one of the inventors of the machinery. Flax had been the sole material in use previously, but the good housewife, while whirling the spinning-wheel, noted the evenness and beauty of the cotton-yarn, and thought it might be applied to use as thread. Upon this hint her husband acted, and gained fame and wealth. Possibly the sisterhood of housewives may think that she deserves honorable mention, at this centennial season, as one of the benefactors of her kind.

The manufacture of thread machinery has kept pace with the demand for the article itself, and the machinery does its work with a precision which suggests a single brain animating the whole mass. When the medium of about forty ounces of cotton has been taken from the bale and placed in the picker, it emerges a "lap" of a yard's width, and an inch in thickness. Three of these combined are passed through the cards, and then have the appearance of a soft, flexible rope an inch in diameter. This process is repeated again and again with machinery which is of a finer character each time, and then a delicate combing-machine eliminates the shorter fibres and leaves the better part of the material for the still more delicate processes which are to follow. After this comes the work of attenuation and twisting, and it is estimated that up to the time when the filaments of cotton leave the carding-room they are doubled nearly two billion times. Into the intricacies of the machinery which does the spinning, weaving and twisting it would be impossible to enter without diagrams for illustration. Suffice it to say that by the time the six-cord thread has undergone its final twisting it is found that it has been doubled more than twenty billion times. Incredible as the figures may seem, they are, nevertheless, accurate, for the vibrations of machinery can be easily and correctly calculated.

Steam hands follow up the thread until it is ready for the purchaser. After the skeins of thread have been inspected, those which are approved are sent to the dyeing or bleaching department. Thence they go to the finishing-room, where they receive the soft finish. Now follows the task of winding the thread on small spools—no slight job for unskilled hands. Fortunately, an automatic machine takes the work in charge, and does it so deftly that it stops winding when the required length is reached, and never gives short measure. Finally, after stamping and ticketing—which is also done by ingenious machinery—the thread is ready for market. It is a trifle, after all, but a mighty impetus is given to the busy world by just such trifles.

If the modern housewife were asked at what price she would consent to give up the spool of cotton thread and go back to the spinning-wheel, she would set her figure very high. The mere thought of such a long step backward will impress upon all reflecting persons the vast amount of patient experiment and severe mental labor expended upon this industry. It is told of an enterprising American youth, who, by dint of toil and stripes and tears, had mastered the alphabet, that he "didn't think it was worth going through so much to get so little." Such, we are sure, will not be the verdict of the housewives of America as they read of the rise and growth of this most useful industry.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 4, 1876.

Monday.....113½ @ 114	Thursday.....114½ @ 114½
Tuesday.....114 @ 114½	Friday.....114½ @ 114½
Wednesday.....114½ @ 114½	Saturday.....1 ¼ @ 114½

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

LOOK OUT during the next ten days for another tornado in the Cabinet!

"A MAN BY THE NAME OF MARSH" has again been ominously mixed up with the history of frauds at the trading-posts on our frontier.

AMNESTY is the order of the day in Turkey and in Spain. It has been offered by the Sultan to the Herzegovinians and by King Alfonso to the Carlists.

THE BELKNAP EXPOSURE and the dread of fresh revelations from Washington, coming on the eve of the election in New Hampshire, have pretty well convinced the Republicans in that State that even if they win the victory upon which they counted until a week ago, it will have cost more work and more cash than they had expected.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY ELECTIONS of March 5th for the new Assembly in France decisively handed over the future of that country to the Republic, which has all the better chance for controlling the future longer than ever before, just because of the slow, cautious process whereby the present French Republic has at length been established.

RUSSIA, by formally annexing Khokand, has added to her vast territory a fertile province with about 3,000,000 inhabitants. A contemporary, noting the facts that the Russian outposts will henceforth be in dangerous proximity to Kashgar, and will likewise be within two hundred and twenty-five miles of the East Indian frontier, says it will doubtless be deemed significant in Russia and the East that the new territory is to be called Ferghana—the name of the kingdom whence Baber set out to conquer Hindoostan and found the great Mogul dynasty.

LAFAYETTE'S STATUE.—An effort is in progress among the French population of the United States for the collection of money to construct a suitable pedestal for a bronze statue of General Lafayette, which is to be erected in the Central Park on the Centennial anniversary. The statue itself is already completed. Several years ago a number of prominent French residents in this country applied to the Government of M. Thiers for the material requisite for the statue, and for permission to have the casting executed in the national foundries of that country. This application was responded to by the French Government assuming the entire expense of the work, which was designed and executed under the supervision of an eminent sculptor, M. Bartholdi. The statue is said to possess high merit. It was completed two years ago, but for some reason was detained in Paris until last Summer, when it was brought to New York, with the special design of tendering it as a Centennial contribution.

A PRACTICAL BUSINESS VIEW OF MR. BLAINE'S REVIVAL OF SECTIONAL ANIMOSITIES.—It is singular how much more common sense there is to be found among the average business men than among the average politicians. Said a gentleman well versed in mercantile affairs when reading the Amnesty debate the other day, "Have these members from the South lost all courage to speak out? Are they cowed down? If I were in one of their places I would tell Mr. Blaine that, immured amid the granite of his State, he cannot possibly have heard the cry of distress rising all over the land—cries for labor, for bread, in a land overflowing with property only fifteen years ago, now verging on bankruptcy, and that is the total result of the policy of waging war upon a section of country which before the existence of Mr. Blaine's party added annually eight hundred millions of money to the nation's wealth. What section of country has contributed more to our wealth than the South? What section is suffering now? Not the South only, but the North, and it will suffer still more if these Maine school-masters are to continue to control the affairs of this nation." True, this may be taking a commercial view of the question, but it nevertheless is a fair specimen of the views held by leading business men as to the attempt now too often being made by designing demagogues to rekindle the embers of sectional hatred. It is a pity indeed that words like the above cannot be heard in the halls of the Capitol, and be hurled at the head of men, whose "holier-than-thou" ideas exclude the least comprehension of the country's needs and the nation's true history.

NAVAL PRIZE MONEY.—The manner in which our naval heroes have been rewarded for the successful marine engagements of the rebellion is in direct antagonism to the old-time proposition respecting the ingratitude of republics. The Fourth Auditor of the Treasury Department has just published a statement of the amounts of prize-money paid to the several flag-officers of squadrons and commanders of vessels for captures during the rebellion. The figures must be eminently gratifying to the recipients of the handsome sums therein enumerated. Sixteen admirals received an average of about \$26,000 each. Farragut's share was \$55,443; Admiral Lee received \$99,456; Porter, \$90,348;

Dupont, \$58,476; Stringham, \$14,447; and Goldsborough, \$3,026. Eighty-five commanders received an average of \$6,500, of whom the most fortunate was Captain Almy, who was allotted \$54,431. The average for lieutenant-commanders was about \$5,800, and for lieutenants, \$5,200. The total thus distributed was \$1,412,613, an average of \$8,561, and although nine and a half millions of prize-money have already been paid, six hundred captures still remain adjudicated. Their value, it is estimated, will increase the aggregate to nearly fifteen millions. No small amount of this good-fortune may properly be credited to "luck," inasmuch as the division of naval prize-money is shared pro rata according to the rank of the various officers attached to the fleet, whether their particular vessels were engaged in effecting the captures or not. Our army officers are not treated with similar liberality for their services, the system of "loot," with which the English troops were rewarded in India, never having been adopted here.

DISHONEST GAINS.—The floating straws which during the past few months have indicated the direction of the current of popular suspicion against the occupants of high political places, have consisted largely of rumors of quick and remarkable accumulation of wealth. In the severe introspective period into which we have fallen it is possible that the methods by which these fortunes have been realized will be investigated and thoroughly ventilated before the taxpaying community will be satisfied that their rights are being properly maintained. How shall we account, for instance, for the rapid process which converted General Babcock from a young officer solely dependent on his army pay, which was his plight at the beginning of 1870, to a wealthy real estate operator in 1874? His transactions in that line have been simply enormous for a young man who, without a penny in his pocket, went to Washington to live on a salary of about \$3,000 per year. The public records of the District of Columbia show him to be the owner in fee simple of eight city lots in Washington, valued at between \$90,000 and \$100,000. In addition to this purchase of real estate, General Babcock has built several rows of first-class tenement-houses on his property, which have cost him about \$100,000 more. These figures, moreover, do not include his valuable place at Long Branch. A man dependent upon a small salary must have the veritable Paeonius touch, converting everything he handles into gold, to amass wealth after this rapid fashion, and live honestly. Unhappily, the tendency of the past ten years in Washington society has been on an uninterrupted downward scale in all matters pertaining to official integrity, and greedy dishonesty has become the rule, where it should be the rare and deplorable exception. General Babcock's success seems to have brought him substantial friends. Soon after his acquittal at St. Louis a subscription was set on foot to raise \$30,000 to defray the expenses of his trial, and several liberal sums were immediately contributed.

A REMARKABLE CHEMICAL DISCOVERY.—We have been favored with the following important note from Professor Charles A. Joy: A Russian chemist, M. Mendeleeff, published in 1869 a learned paper intended to prove that the properties of elements and their compounds are periodic functions of their atomic weights. In other words, by a careful study of the position in a series of the atomic weights, it is possible to predict the properties of any element, as well as of any compound it can produce. It is not surprising that a paper full of formulae, and loaded with abstruse theoretical discussions covering a hundred closelyprinted pages, should have had very few readers at the time, and be still unknown to the world in general. A sudden importance is now given to the subject by the discovery of the metal gallium, in France. Mendeleeff calls attention to the fact that he pointed out a missing link in the series of aluminous metals; that he published the discovery of a metal which would exactly fill the gap, and that he gave its atomic weight, its specific gravity, the composition of its oxide, its melting point, and, in fact, a full list of what ought to be the properties of the body required to fill up the series. It now appears probable that gallium complies with all of the requirements of the case, and thus we have in chemistry a repetition of the famous exploit of Adams and Le Verrier, where a probable discovery is anticipated by computation, and the place where the body ought to be found is pointed out in advance as the result of close reasoning and of profound mathematical calculation. Adams and Le Verrier told the astronomers where to look for the planet that produced so much perturbation among the heavenly bodies, and Neptune was discovered. Mendeleeff says to the chemists, An element is wanted to fit in a place left vacant for it; if you search somewhere between aluminium and indium you will find it. And this has been proved true by the discovery of gallium in zinc ores in which there is doubtless indium and aluminium. This confirmation of the Russian chemist's theory is likely to call attention to another suggestion also made by him in the year 1869—that a metal ought to be found closely resembling silicon, and probably to be met with in minerals containing zirconium, columbium, and titanium. He thinks that the element could be detected by means of the spectroscopic, and points out its probable properties so fully, that every one must at once recognize it as soon as it is discovered. The new element will be similar to silicon and titanium, and will explain the occasion of what might be called the perturbations in the analyses of many titaniferous minerals, just as Neptune accounted for the disturbances amongst the heavenly bodies. The name proposed for the stranger is Eka Silicon, and its symbol is to be Es. In this instance the child is to be named before it is born, and its behavior among the elementary bodies is fully anticipated. It is not often that such practical results grow out of purely mathematical reasoning, and a new impulse is likely to be given by it to agreeable study-table induction in preference to the more fatiguing labors of the workshop. If both can give us practical results, no one can complain.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE Republicans of Connecticut held a State Convention at Hartford, on the 29th ult., and nominated H. C. Robinson for Governor, and Professor Walker for Secretary of State.

ST. CHARLES, Mo., and Princeton, Ind., were visited by a tornado on the 28th ult., which destroyed fifty buildings.

GOVERNOR KELLOGG was impeached by a vote of 61 to 45 by the House of Louisiana, and immediately after was acquitted by the Senate by a vote of 25 to 9.

GOVERNOR TILDEN appeared on the 28th ult. before Judge Westbrook, of the Supreme Court Circuit, New York, and gave evidence in the \$6,000,000 suit against Tweed.

A STATE CONVENTION of Inflationists was called for the 15th, at Syracuse, N. Y.

THE resolution of Hamilton Fish, Jr., in the New York Assembly, opposing any repeal of the Resumption Act of 1875, was passed on the 1st, by a vote of 99 to 6.

AN expedition, under General Crook, left Fort Fetterman on the 1st, to scour the country infested with hostile Indians. The column aggregates 700 men, who have 40 days' supplies.

THE Chamber of Commerce of New York opposed the Repeal of the Bankrupt Act.

REV. R. S. STORRS, D.D., President of the American Congregational Union, as well as the Home Missionary Society, resigned those positions, and will, it is thought, withdraw entirely from the Congregational Union.

THE air was rife with rumors concerning the action of Attorney-General Pierpont in connection with the Babcock trial. Assertions that he drew from District Attorney Dyer full details of the evidence for the prosecution and then communicated them to the defendant's counsel were repeated with great positiveness, and it was also alleged that secret service detectives had traced the abstraction of the famous confidential letter of Mr. Pierpont to the attorneys at St. Louis, Chicago and Milwaukee to General Babcock himself, who it was asserted had made a copy of the letter submitted to the President by Mr. Pierpont and placed among the official papers, to which Babcock alone had access.

In consequence of a rumor that General Belknap was about attempting to flee to Europe, a strong guard was posted about his house, and he acknowledged himself a prisoner, and gave his word that he would not try to escape.

CINCINNATI celebrated with high revels its first Mardi gras, on the 29th ult.

MR. MARSH, on whose testimony the House Committee on Expenditures in the War Department made their charges against General Belknap, started for Montreal on the 3d. It was thought that his flight was to save himself from punishment as an accessory to the crime; but he frankly stated at Troy, N. Y., that it was too late to flee the country, that nobody could gain by his absence now, and that he intended spending a few days with his relatives to recuperate.

THE Legislature of Minnesota adjourned on the 3d, after passing four hundred and four bills, ninety of a local character.

In the Massachusetts Senate the Bill giving to women the right to vote on municipal affairs in cities and towns, and to hold municipal offices, was refused a third reading by a vote of 19 to 11.

Foreign.

A REPORT was circulated that, in consequence of the accession of Corea to the demands of Japan for the better protection of her subjects, all occasion of war was removed.

M. DUFAURE, Minister of the Interior, directed prosecutions for violating the Press law throughout France to be discontinued.

THE application of Count Von Arnim for leave to return safely to Berlin to visit his sick son was refused by the Emperor.

In a battle fought near Dabra, Herzegovina, on the 1st, about 800 Turkish soldiers were killed. At Ragusa the placards giving details of Turkish reforms posted over the city were covered with death's-heads, and a manifesto scolding all propositions of peace was issued.

On account of the rising of the Seine many of the streets in Paris were flooded.

GENERAL SCHENCK, the American Minister to the Court of St. James, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 4th for the purpose of vindicating his character from the aspersions growing out of the Emma Mine investigation.

THE Russian diplomatic agent for Montenegro was instructed to oppose the efforts of the war party, and support the Prince in resisting them.

THE Carlist route was complete. On the 28th ult. Don Carlos entered France at Arnequin, and afterwards went to Boulogne, where he received a Legitimist delegation prior to his departure for England. The French authorities interned 15,000 of his soldiers at various posts. Great rejoicing occurred throughout Spain at the news of the termination of the war, and preparations were at once made for a triumphal entry of King Alfonso into Madrid. The Ministry promised concessions to the defeated, and agreed to dispatch 30,000 more troops to Cuba.

EZRA D. WINSLOW, the Boston forger, was taken to the Bow Street Police Court in London, on the 3d, and formally committed for extradition.

THE guaranteeing powers were notified that the Porte had decided to remit tithes for one year, and all other taxes two years, to such refugees as return to their homes. Farms and churches injured during the insurrection will be repaired at Government expense.

MR. CAVE, the special commissioner sent by Disraeli to investigate the financial condition of Egypt, in his official report suggested the conversion of the Egyptian debt into seven per cent. stock, which would leave an annual surplus of £2,000,000.

OBITUARY.

FEBRUARY 27th.—At New York, Samuel D. Barlow, M.D., a distinguished homoeopathic physician, a well-read antiquarian, and a gentleman of deep philosophical attainments, aged 75. He was the father of S. L. M. Barlow, the lawyer.

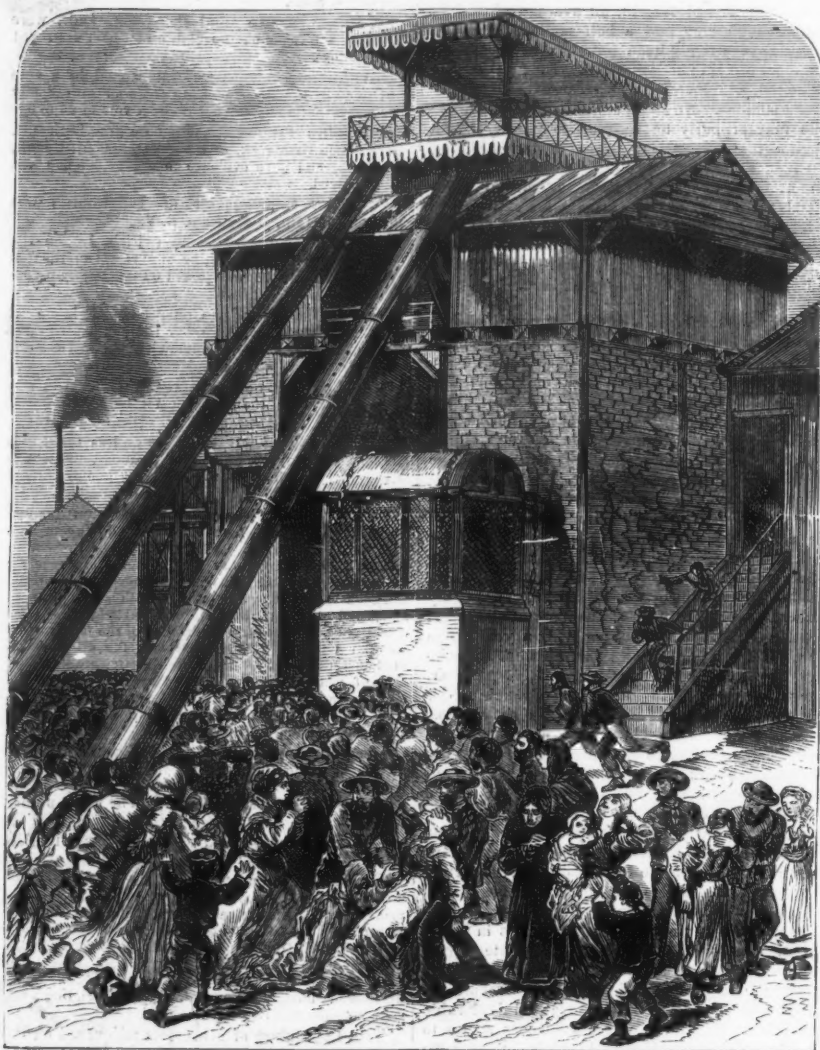
28th.—At Washington, D. C., Judge Eli P. Norton, Solicitor of the Court of Claims under President Johnson. He died of starvation rather than beg.

MARCH 1st.—At Plattsburgh, N. Y., Moss K. Platt, the only Republican Inspector of State Prisons, aged 66.

1st.—At London, Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of the Dean of Westminster. It was in consequence of her illness that Queen Victoria forbade the usual ringing of the bells of the Abbey and of St. Margaret's, on the occasion of her opening of Parliament.

3d.—At Montgomery, the Hon. Thomas J. Judge, Justice of the Supreme Court of Alabama.

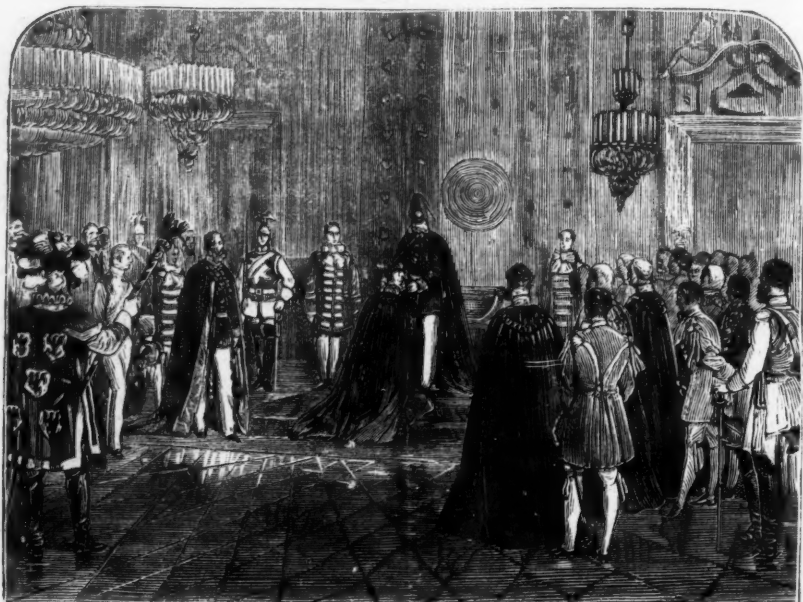
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 23.



FRANCE.—THE RECENT CATASTROPHE AT THE JABIN WELL, ST. ETIENNE—THE CROWD RUSHING TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.



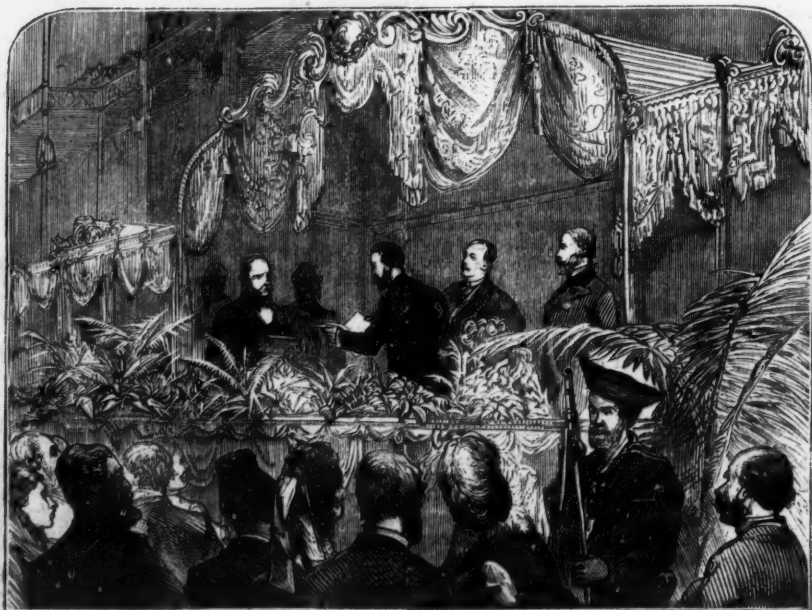
FRANCE.—THE RECENT CATASTROPHE AT THE JABIN WELL, ST. ETIENNE—FUNERAL OF THE VICTIMS.



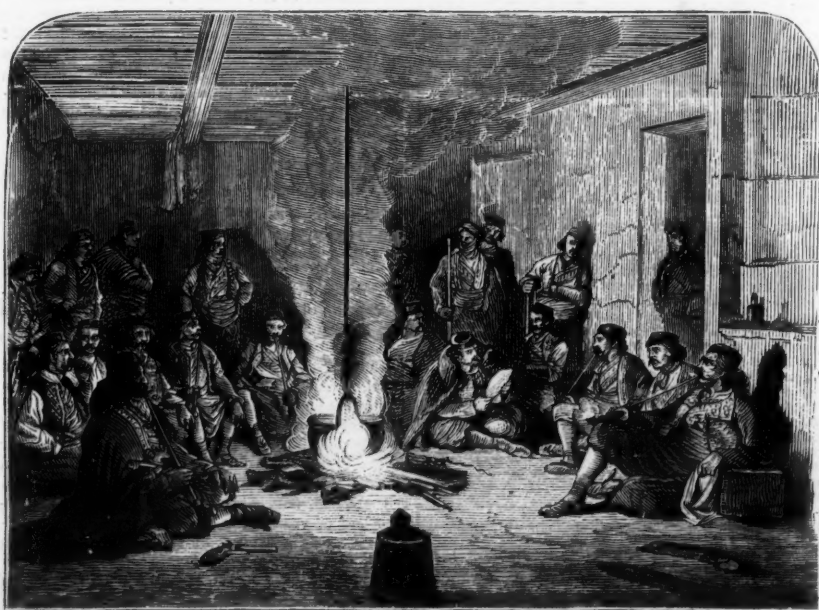
GERMANY.—INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE, IN THE KNIGHTS' HALL, AT THE ROYAL CASTLE, BERLIN, JANUARY 18TH.



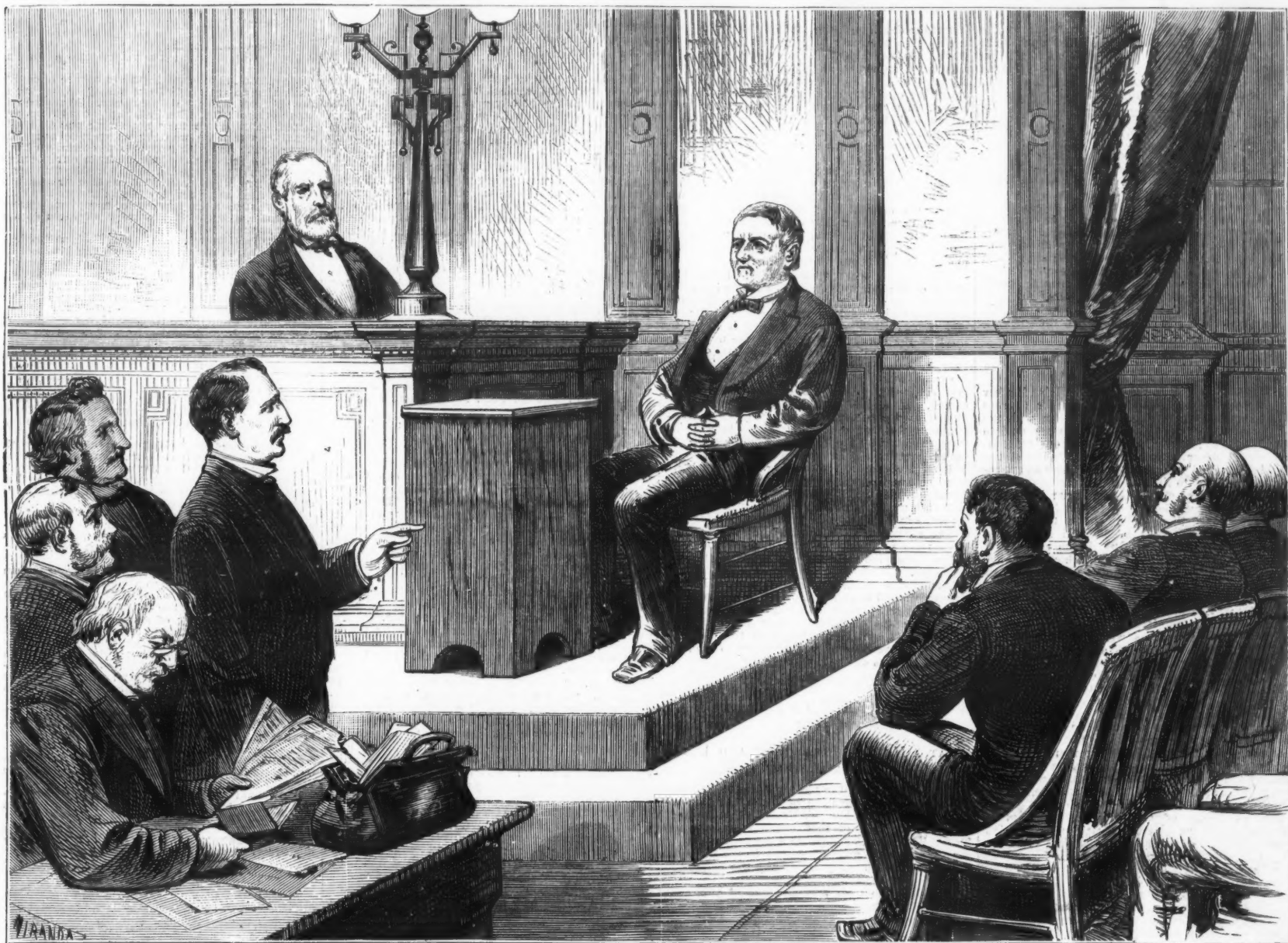
THE HERZEGOVINA INSURRECTION.—HERZEGOVINIAN WOMEN IN BATTLE.



ENGLAND.—OPENING OF THE ROYAL AQUARIUM AND SUMMER AND WINTER GARDEN, WESTMINSTER, BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.



HERZEGOVINA.—A COUNCIL OF WAR BY THE INSURGENTS.



NEW YORK CITY.—GOVERNOR TILDEN TESTIFYING IN THE SUIT FOR THE RECOVERY OF SIX MILLION DOLLARS FROM WILLIAM M. TWEED.

GOVERNOR TILDEN TESTIFYING IN THE SIX MILLION SUIT AGAINST TWEED.

THE suit of the City of New York against William M. Tweed for the recovery of \$6,000,000 claimed to have been fraudulently appropriated from the city funds, has attracted renewed attention to the operations of the defunct Ring of which the great absentee was the "Boss." The proceedings in the case elicited nothing that had not been already brought to public notice, yet so great is the interest still taken in the transactions of Tweed and his associates, that the court-room was crowded on every day of the trial. The case was begun about the middle of February, and was persistently contested by David Dudley Field on behalf of the defendant, Messrs. Peckham and Carter appearing for the City. On the afternoon of February 26th Governor Tilden appeared as a witness, his examination lasting over the 28th and 29th also. Governor Tilden's evidence, although important to the prosecution, was not new to the unusually large audience which had been attracted to the court-room by a desire to obtain a sight of the distinguished witness. He gave his testimony with a prompt decision of manner which indicated his entire familiarity with the details of the case. Occasionally he would refer to his memoranda for dates and figures, but after responding to a question he volunteered nothing, and while the lawyers were examining their notes preparatory to propounding further queries, the Governor gazed placidly about him through his eye-glasses, or absently ruffled his hair with his hands. He explained in detail the manner in which the thefts had been tracked to their perpetrators through the bank deposits of Ingersoll, Garvey, Woodward and other members of the Ring, and explained that Mr. O'Connor's prosecution of the frauds was conducted always under the direction of the Attorney-General, and that he himself had participated in it at Mr. O'Connor's request. The relations of the metropolis to the politics of New York State about the year 1870 were also treated of in the investigation at considerable length.

REMOVAL OF DR. HALL'S OLD CHURCH FROM NINETEENTH TO FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET.

DURING the working hours of last week curious crowds of pedestrians were seen almost momentarily gathering upon the corners of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, attracted by the removal of the materials of Dr. Hall's old church. It was not so much, however, the process of demolishing a large structure that arrested attention as it was the profuse display of crosses, circles, squares, triangles, letters and numbers upon the stonework. Everybody wanted to know what all those marks meant; and when the reply, rendered in tones of brusqueness because of the ceaseless repetition of the question, was given, everybody suggested a better plan for accomplishing the object. When Dr. Hall's congregation took possession of the new church they donated the old one to the Society of the Central Presbyterian Church, which had purchased property on West Fifty-seventh Street, but did not have the means of erecting a new house of worship. The old church, therefore, is being taken to pieces with unusual care, and the stones are provided with so many, and apparently unintelligible, marks simply to aid the builders in putting the materials together on the new ground, so that the structure will preserve its shape.

The slate roof was first removed, leaving the

rafters and trusses exposed. These were then raised from their places, and lowered to the ground, where marks were put upon each one. The removal of the stonework required more careful treatment to get one stone upon another again in proper juxtaposition, as they had rested. Accordingly, a sign was placed upon each arch-stone, coping-piece and buttress-block. Beginning at the extreme northeastern corner, the Nineteenth Street face was traversed, and thence along the Fifth Avenue front. Particular attention was paid to the door and window-jamb, and the buttresses, as a mis-

Victor Hugo on Paris.

FROM English points of view, it is not surprising that Victor Hugo's description of the French metropolis seems to be a rhapsody. He says: "Paris is the frontier of the future, the visible frontier of the unknown, all the quantity of To-morrow which may be visible in To-day. Whoso seeks for Progress with his eyes shall behold Paris. There are black cities; Paris is the City of Light. It is impossible to get out of Paris; for every living man, though he knoweth it not, hath Paris in the

may be breathed. It is a gleam below the horizon piercing the thick shades. The sublime peace of the starry heaven sufficeth not to dissolve in the depths of the mind this grand figure of the supreme city. Her women are goddesses; her children are heroes; her revolutions begin in wrath and end in masterpieces; she has the sacred omnipotence of a whirlwind of intelligences. All this, and more, is present in the soul of the absent—yea, even for the man plunged in shadow who passes his nights in contemplation before the eternal serenity, and hath in his soul the profound stupor of the stars."

We feel deeply impressed by the grandeur of all this, for we are quite convinced that it must be very grand, since the author puts together so many things which are generally considered to be sublime. It may be doubted whether any English writer could tune his style up to this pitch. Mr. Ruskin comes nearest it, perhaps, when in wrath against the wickedness of the age; but even Mr. Ruskin, tilting against steam-engines and political economists, is not so fine an example of crazy genius as Victor Hugo.

French and English Novels—A Sensible Suggestion.

WHEN French novels are quoted to show the corruption of French society, people forget that the one great source of interest in an English novel is impossible. When the objection to flirtation is carried so far that a young woman is not allowed, as a rule, to see a young man till she is engaged to him, it is obvious that the poor novelist is driven to post-matrimonial love-making. It does not in the least follow that the thing is more common in France than in England. Probably the actual standard of feminine virtue may be about the same in the two countries. The worst result of the French system is that it keeps the feminine intellect in a state of torpor by exaggerating beyond all reason the barriers to a free communication between the sexes. The life of a nun is only the prolongation of the life of the ordinary *jeune fille*; and a young lady kept in conventual seclusion till marriage, and absorbed in household duties after it, has not much chance of enlarging her mind.

A German Leader.

A BERLIN correspondent writes: "Moltke resides in the offices of the grand staff of the army. The room in which he works is large and well lighted by three high windows fronting on King's Place. The table around which the staff assembles in council is heaped with maps, books, pamphlets, and journals. A piece of shell is the general's letter-weight. The frescoes on the walls represent some of the events of the war, and the hero is depicted under various costumes. His bedroom adjoining is of monastic severity. Moltke is thin, slightly stooping; he is only straightened up on horseback, and then looks like a man of thirty. His close-shaven face is very wrinkled; his profile vaguely recalls Caesar's; his prominent nose indicates will, perseverance, courage; his lips are thin and expressive of melancholy; his chin sharp, eyes bright and brilliant, neck long. He detests civilian's clothes, and regards the uniform as indispensable to his person. He is a great worker and an early riser, passes sometimes as much as nine hours at his desk without taking anything save a glass of Bordeaux and a biscuit, dines at two, and sups at eight. He is always punctual in Parliament, where his colleagues style him the 'Great Silent.' Less a captain of genius than an admirable



NEW YORK CITY.—REV. DR. HALL'S OLD CHURCH, NINETEENTH STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.

take here would lead to much confusion. Each block was lifted from its bed, lowered to the ground, and without bruising or breaking taken to the new plot. The whole church will in this way be carried across town in detail, while sketch-drawings of the several parts with the code laid down will make it practicable for each piece to be picked out and set again correctly. The backing of loose rubblework will hardly pay for the carriage. Once put together, a scrubbing down and a coat of oil will give to the rebuilt the quiet, unobtrusive tone of the old church.

depths of his being. The four hurricanes, the winds, the tempests, the squalls, cannot carry away the sister-towers, cannot disperse the arch of triumph, the Gothic belfry of tocsins, and the high colonnade which is wound about the sovereign dome; and behind the last distances of the abyss, above the shattering of ships and foams, in the midst of the rays, of the storm-clouds, and the gusts, may be seen in the dim distance of the mists the immense phantom of the city which never moves. Paris is an august apparition. Paris has ubiquity. Paris is an idea as much as a city. Paris

organizer, he is as cold-blooded in battle as the gods that dwell on Olympus. His amusement is to walk in the Thiergarten, with his hands behind his back in the old Napoleonic style. A Dane by birth, he married a young English girl who had fallen violently in love with him."

MUSIC.

THE world is full of Music. In blest tones
An undersong for ever greets the ear
Of him that hath the delicate sense to hear.
What fairy-world is voicing to the zones.
Delicious strains, perchance, to the unknown,
Float by on every o'er-swaying breeze,
With echoes from the deep resounding seas
Where nereids sing and priceless gems are strown.
The eager winds hymn to the listening stars
That pause, enwrap in their eternal-round,
Then pale and faint with the enchanting sound,
Till marshaled forth by sanguinary Mars.
Earth never sleeps; its music-laden breath
Whispers always a song of life and death.

A GHOST STORY.

DURING our visit to the Sandwich Islands a few years ago, a cold-blooded murder (a rare event in those islands), together with the strange circumstances which were said to have led to its discovery, were in every one's mouth, and would deserve recording, even without the singular personal experience which forms an appropriate conclusion to the story.

The two children of a Whahoo farmer being at a school in the neighboring island of Mowee, one night the elder of them dreamt that at the evening meal a stranger occupied the place of his father, who was nowhere to be seen. His dream returned a second time, and again a third; on which the child, growing uneasy, told his younger brother: when the latter informed him he likewise had had a dream, viz.: that he found his father lying under a cairn, or heap of stones. This combination of circumstances naturally made a deep impression on the children's imagination—their sports were abandoned, and their health began to suffer; so much so, that the schoolmaster determined to send them home for a while. Returned to Whahoo, they had no sooner entered the well-known cottage than the truth of their dream seemed to flash before them. There sat the mother with her stranger guest! In the full conviction that the remainder of the dream would be verified, they began their walk of discovery about the island on the following morning; their efforts were soon crowned with success, for during their second or third day's search, they arrived at a spot where the air seemed tainted, and their attention was directed to a heap of stones. These cairns, or heaps of stones, here, as in other countries, mark the place of burial, or the division of properties, and are therefore seldom or never disturbed, which will account probably for one of them being selected by the murderers for the concealment of the body of their victim. The children forthwith sought out one of the chiefs, to whom they communicated their suspicions; a party of police was soon on the spot, and pulling down the heap of stones, succeeded in identifying the body of the missing farmer, and in tracing the murder to his wife and her paramour. These were immediately taken up, tried, and condemned on their own confession, and were at this time awaiting their sentence within the walls of the fort. We will take a hasty view of them, and see how they are spending their last day upon earth, for the morrow's noon is fixed for the execution. They are confined indiscriminately among other prisoners, in a building near the southeast angle of the fort. The man seated sullenly, and maintaining dogged silence, in a corner of the ward, is gazing with some surprise at his partner in guilt, a woman of bold, repulsive appearance, who is endeavoring to amuse her fellow-prisoners and visitors with a series of antic illustrations of the fearful death she is about to suffer: the sudden tightening of the noose; the dropping head, with its distorted features; the convulsive throes of the limbs; the hideous death-rattle; of all these horrors she omits nothing, as if she were thoroughly conversant with the effects of strangulation, and conveying the idea that her late husband was not her first victim.

The morrow has arrived.—It wants but half an hour of noon; a large concourse of the inhabitants have been assembled for some time, gazing with feelings of curiosity rather than of awe on the hideous instrument of death which has been erected over the northern gate of the fort, commanding the several approaches from the town and country. A fresh trade-wind is blowing, which causes the huge uprights of the gallows to quiver in their fixures like the masts of a ship under a press of canvas. A new patent drop, now about to be tried, rattles on its hinges with an ominous sound. A native is seen on the scaffold with two nooses in his hand, which he is endeavoring to make fast to two lengths of chain suspended from the central parts of the cross-beam; but these chains, oscillating in the breeze, continually elude his grasp, and his futile efforts to clutch them elicits shouts of derision from the crowd. The windows and balconies of the houses opposite are mostly filled with spectators of a better class.

A quarter of an hour has elapsed, and a bell within the fort begins to ring, slowly at first, but increasing in rapidity as the awful hour approaches, until it seems to ring in convulsions; then the sound of muffled drums announces the procession has been formed on the south side of the fort, and is now winding its way round the ramparts to the scene of execution. First walk the criminals in their shrouds, with the attendant missionary, who seems engaged in the fruitless task of striving to awaken them to a proper sense of their situation; then the troops with their "arms reversed" (misplaced sympathy!), as though they were following some brave warrior to his grave rather than escorting a murderer and her accomplice to their well-merited doom. There seems but little sympathy, however, on the part of the spectators in general. The man evinces every symptom of the most abject terror, and mounts, or rather is forced up, the ladder; the woman steps up with a bold look of defiance, and takes her place alongside the man with a jaunty air. No sooner on the drop than the preparations are completed, the nooses are adjusted, and there is a momentary pause. The creaking sound of a rusty bolt, as though the executioner had some trouble in withdrawing it, strikes harshly upon the ear. See! the woman has fainted! Her heart has failed her at the last, and she has fallen her full length on the scaffold. Another short interval, and two bodies in their last convulsions are swaying to and fro in the breeze, where they are ordered to swing till sunset.

Sickened with the sight, the dinner at the Mansion House was almost untouched; and as regards myself, even the evening cigar had lost its soothing powers. Dusk had intervened; my fellow-lodger was absent, and I was seated alone at the open casement of our cottage, through which the moon already shed a ray of misty light. The quick ring-

ing of the death-bell, the muffled drum, the creaking sound of the rusty bolt, the fainting form of the murderer, her hideous features, all were indelibly impressed on my mind. I still thought I was gazing at the two bodies swinging in mid-air; the fluttering of their grave-clothes in the wind again struck on my ear; when, of a sudden, the breeze which had been fanning my face seemed obstructed—what remained of it, tainted—a shadow passed over the moon's misty ray, then stopped; the fluttering of the shrouds struck on my ear more vividly than ever. It seemed as if all the vermin in the cottage were creeping about my naked flesh; I gave one glance at the open casement. Oh, horror! the murderer herself met me face to face; her glassy eyes staring at me, her hideous features rendered the more distinct by the pale moonlight, which, while it exaggerated them in size, tinged them with unearthly hue.

Well may you start, gentle reader. I must plead guilty of the same weakness! For one instant, all the stock of courage which my naval officers are supposed to have constantly at command deserted me. I was off like a shot, making a clean bolt through the door, fully persuaded the woman was close at my heels. A moment's reflection, however, in the cool air convinced me I was not suffering from the effects of a heated brain, and I turned into the road, where the mystery was at once solved, and a right good ghost story spoiled. A glance at the cottage-wall revealed the stiffened forms of the two murderers, while four natives were reposing by the roadside, apparently resting from recent labor. It seemed that on these men had devolved the task of cutting down the bodies at sunset, and of carrying them to some place of burial outside the town, but they had deferred their task until a later hour. Our cottage happening to be in their line of march, they stood the two bodies against the wall while they rested themselves; the body of the woman, as it happened, having been placed immediately against the open casement.

But for this untoward investigation, as I before hinted, I should have found myself in possession of a first-rate ghost-story, with a far better foundation than nine-tenths of those we hear of. The reader will form his own judgment about the children's dreams; I have confined my narrative to the statement which was current at the time.

MRS. SLOCUMB'S MIDNIGHT RIDE.

WHAT A HEROIC WOMAN SAW AND DID ON A BATTLE-FIELD OF 1776.

THE crowning act in the great drama known as the British Invasion of North Carolina was the Battle of Moore's Creek. The hundredth anniversary of that battle was duly celebrated by North Carolinians on the 29th ult., and in connection with an account of it the following thrilling narrative is reproduced by the Wilmington Daily Journal:

Mrs. Mary Slocumb was the wife of Lieutenant Ezekiel Slocumb, of Wayne County, a gallant officer who during the battle crossed Moore's Creek and attacked the enemy in the rear. He lived about a mile south of the place known as Dudley, on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, some nine miles south of Goldsboro, and it was from this place that Mrs. Slocumb started out on her solitary midnight ride. Her story is best told in her own words. She says:

"The men all left on Sunday morning. More than eighty went from this house with my husband. I looked at them well, and I could see that every man had mischief in him. I knew a coward as soon as I set my eyes upon him. The Tories more than once tried to frighten me, but they always showed coward at the bare insinuation that our troops were about. Well, they got off in high spirits, every man stepping high and light, and I slept quietly and soundly that night, and worked hard all the next day; but I kept thinking where they had got to, how far, where and how many of the Regulars and Tories they would meet; and I could not keep myself from that study. I went to bed at the usual time, but could not sleep. As I lay—whether waking or sleeping I know not—I had a dream, yet it was not all a dream." (She used the words, unconsciously, of the poet who was not then in being.) "I saw distinctly a body wrapped in my husband's guard-cloak, bloody, dead, and others dead and wounded on the ground about him. I saw them plainly and distinctly. I uttered a cry and sprang to my feet on the floor; and so strong was the impression on my mind that I rushed in the direction the vision appeared, and came up against the side of the house. The fire in the room gave little light, and I gazed in every direction to catch another glimpse of the scene. I raised the light; everything was still and quiet. My child was sleeping, but my woman was awakened by my crying out, or jumping on the floor. If ever I felt fear, it was at that moment. Seated on the bed, I reflected a few moments, and said aloud: 'I must go to him.' I told the woman I could not sleep, and would ride down the road. She appeared in great alarm; but I merely told her to lock the door after me and look after the child. I went to the stable, saddled my mare, as fleet and easy a nag as ever traveled, and in one moment I was tearing down the road in a full sweep. The cool night seemed, after a mile or two's gallop, to bring reflection with it; and I asked myself where I was going, and for what purpose. Again and again I was tempted to turn back; but I was soon ten miles from home. I knew the general route our little army expected to take, and at daybreak I was thirty miles from home, and had followed them without hesitation.

"About sunrise I came upon a group of women and children, standing and sitting by the roadside, each one of them showing the same anxiety of mind I felt. Stopping a few minutes, I inquired if the battle had been fought. They knew nothing, but were assembled on the road to catch intelligence. They thought Caswell had taken the right of the Wilmington road and gone towards the Northwest (Cape Fear). Again was I skimming over the ground, through a country thinly settled, and very poor and swampy; but neither my own spirits nor my beautiful nag's failed in the least. We followed the well-marked trail of the troops. The sun must have been well up, say eight or nine o'clock, when I heard a sound like thunder, which I knew must be cannon. I stopped still. Presently the cannon thundered again; the battle was then fighting. 'What a fool!' thought I; 'my husband could not be dead last night, and the battle only fighting now.' So away we went, faster than ever, and soon I found by the noise of the guns that I was near the fight. Again I stopped; I could hear muskets, I could hear rifles, I could hear shouting. I spoke to my mare, and dashed on in the direction of the firing and shouts, now louder than ever. The blind path I had been following brought me into the Wilmington road, leading to Moore's Creek Bridge, a few hundred yards below the bridge. A few yards from the road, under a cluster of trees,

were lying, perhaps, twenty men. They were the wounded. I knew the spot; the very trees; and the position of the men I knew, as if I had seen it a thousand times. I had seen it in my dream all night! I saw all at once; but, in an instant, my whole soul was centred in one spot; for there, wrapped in the bloody guard-cloak, was my husband's body! How I passed the few yards from my saddle to this place I never knew. I remember uncovering his head, and seeing a face clothed with gore from a dreadful wound across the temple. I put my hand on his bloody face; 'twas warm, and an unknown voice begged for water. A small camp-kettle was near, and a stream of water was close by. I brought it, poured some into his mouth, washed his face, and behold it was Frank Cogdell! He soon revived, and could speak. 'It is not that; it is that hole in my leg that is killing me.' A puddle of blood was standing on the ground about his feet. I took his knife, cut away his trousers and stockings, and found the blood came from a shot-hole through and through the fleshy part of his leg. I looked about, and could see nothing that looked as if it would do for dressing wounds but some heart-leaves. I gathered a handful, and bound them tight to the holes, and the bleeding stopped. I then went to the others, and, doctor! I dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good-fighting long after that day.

"I had not inquired for my husband; but, while I was busy, Caswell came up. He appeared very much surprised to see me, and was, with his hat in his hand, about to pay some compliment; but I interrupted him by asking, 'Where is my husband?' 'Where he ought to be, madame—in pursuit of the enemy. But pray,' said he, 'how came you here?' 'Oh, I thought,' replied I, 'you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See, I have dressed many of these good fellows; and here is one (going to Frank and lifting him up with my arm under his head so that he could drink some more water) would have died before any of you men could have helped him.' 'I believe you,' said Frank. Just then I looked up, and my husband, as bloody as a butcher and muddy as a ditcher, stood before me. 'Why, Mary,' he exclaimed, 'what are you doing there?' Hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army? 'I don't care,' I cried, 'Frank is a brave fellow, a good soldier, and a true friend to Congress.' 'True, true, every word of it,' said Caswell. 'You are right, madame,' with the lowliest possible bow. I could not tell my husband what brought me there. I was so happy, and so were all. It was a glorious victory. I came just at the height of the enjoyment. I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see he was not displeased with me. It was night again before our excitement subsided. Many prisoners were brought in, and among them, some very obnoxious; but the worst of the Tories were not taken prisoners. They were, for the most part, left in the woods and swamps wherever they were overtaken. I begged for some of the poor prisoners, and Caswell readily told me none should be hurt but such as had been guilty of murder or houseburning. In the middle of the night I again mounted my mare and started home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay until next morning, and they would send a party with me; but no, I wanted to see my child, and told them they could send no party who could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to embrace me!"

WHY ARE THEY CANNIBALS?

By FREDERIC GARRETSON, M.D.

IN a preceding paper we have asked the question, "Who are the Cannibals?" and we have found that the answer, a few centuries ago, was ready enough. The people of any remote nation, or hostile tribe, were cannibals, of course. But after taking the evidence, and rendering a verdict in accordance with the facts, one nation after another was honorably and fully acquitted, until some hasty judges, like Sir Alexander Dalrymple, were disposed to allow a *notte prosequi*, and dismiss the remaining people as falsely accused. The prevailing impression at this time seems to be that man-eating is still practiced among many savage tribes. We have endeavored to show that it has always been confined to a few, and has disappeared before the contact of civilization, until some people in Africa, and perhaps on the least known Pacific islands, are the only cannibals left.

We now pass from the simple question of fact, which had been so long misstated, to the more complex question of motive, which we have not yet seen fairly answered. We have proposed the question at the head of this paper to many physicians, clergymen, and others, of more than ordinary information. In most cases, they had scarcely given a thought to the subject, but all had supposed that "some savages eat men for the same reason which applies to wild beasts—from natural ferocity, and a liking for the flesh." Our very limited space will permit us to do little more than to show the error of this conclusion, by pointing out what are not the true motives, and then briefly stating what we believe to be the origin of cannibalism.

1st. It is not due to any peculiar ferocity or cruelty or mental degradation in those who practice it.

This proposition is true, both directly and conversely. The North American Indians generally, the Arabs of the desert, or the Malays, may compare with the tiger for treachery and remorseless cruelty. The Hottentot, the Digger Indian and the Australian are but little above the apes in intelligence. Yet none of these people eat human flesh. And, on the other hand, it is well-known that where a cannibal tribe is found, it is always physically superior to neighboring people of the same race, and more advanced in the working of metals, the making of weapons and utensils, and other evidences of intelligence. Nor are the cannibals any more cruel or regardless of human life than equally savage tribes which never eat men.

Neither fiendish ferocity and cruelty, nor the most brutal degradation of intellect, suffice to make men cannibals; nor are those traits at all characteristic of cannibals, as compared with other savages.

2d. It is not due to the want of other food. In all ages, and among all people, the pangs and the madness of hunger have driven the victims of famine to feed on human flesh. But in this extremity, the civilized man is just as likely to do it as the most ignorant savage. Many of the tribes of Central Africa suffer greatly from famine, and we have authentic accounts of the dead lying in the huts and the streets of a village, untouched by the starving survivors. The pressure of hunger may make any people eat each other; but it never made even the lowest savages cannibals, in the proper sense of the term—eating human flesh without being compelled by the instinct of self-preservation.

The cannibal tribes suffer the least from famine, owing to their physical and intellectual superiority; and neither the Ashanti, the Fijian nor the New Zealand savage is often without a varied and abundant supply of animal food.

We cannot, then, explain the existence of cannibalism as an established custom by supposing it based upon ferocity of character, ignorance or want of food; for, where all these conditions are found, cannibalism may not exist; and all these conditions may be wanting where it does exist in some form. And with regard to the form, we have found the facts quite different from our popular conception of the practice. We admit the testimony of travelers who assert that certain tribes use human flesh as an article of food; but we are convinced that such people are rare exceptions among cannibal nations, and that most of them do not "make a meal" of their victims.

The Ashanti were known as cannibals at the time we visited that country, and with the kind assistance of the British colonial interpreter, we obtained more information from the natives than they will generally give concerning their customs, and especially a practice which they know to be peculiarly abhorrent to us.

We learned that only prisoners of war were eaten; that of these, only the bravest, or the highest in rank, were so honored—for it was regarded as an honor to the deceased; that if there were many victims, no part but the heart was eaten; that only the chiefs and a few select warriors were allowed to partake of the feast, which was conducted with much ceremony; and finally, that most of the warriors then living had never tasted human flesh, because the custom was almost given up since the English came.

The most intelligent chief among the many with whom we conversed on the subject, admitted that he had three times taken part in the "battle feast," and expressed his belief that he owed much of his courage and strength to the spirits of the brave men whose hearts he had tasted.

Now, even without this positive statement of the reason for cannibalism among the negroes of Ashanti, the circumstances of the custom would force us to assign some motive very different from a mere brutal appetite for flesh.

What, then, is this motive, which is stronger than instinct, and has made man apparently lower than the brutes, in violating a law of nature which even the beasts of prey seem to recognize?

The natural history of animals shows us that among the provisions made for the preservation of the species, none is more general than the law which forbids the flesh-eating animals to prey on their own kind. Lions and tigers will die of starvation rather than break this law; and if wolves are known to eat a killed or disabled companion, it is only under the compulsion of hunger, such as has often driven men to the same resource.

There is nothing brutal in deliberate cannibalism; it is purely and essentially human. We must seek its motive and origin, not in the animal instincts, for these are all opposed to it, but in the moral and intellectual soul, which is claimed as the peculiar attribute of man.

The Ashanti and the Maori eat the flesh of a warrior slain or taken in war because they believe in the existence of a soul, and its immortality. With the flesh, they believe they partake of the spirit which had animated it. The rite is a true sacrament to those so believing, and the seeming barbarity of the practice is no argument against its essentially religious character.

We know too well that perverted conceptions of religious ideas have formed the basis of the most inhuman customs and actions of the human race. Those whom the Assyrians offered to Baal; the Hindoo widow on the blazing pile of the Suttee; the wicker cages of the Druids, with their crowded victims, and the Aztec priest tearing the heart from the living sacrifice in the temple of the Sun—these, and a thousand others in all ages, attest the power of a false religion to lead men into worse crimes than the eating of human flesh.

The idea of receiving through the food which goes to nourish the body some spiritual as well as physical quality from the source whence the food is taken is not peculiar to cannibals, nor even confined to heathen people. Good people are to be found much nearer to us than Africa who have a certain faith in the effect of eating the flesh of different animals upon the disposition and character of men.

The Ashanti and some other people eat of the flesh of their enemies in the hope of being animated by the spirit of the departed, and thereby gaining strength and courage. But a much higher form of cannibalism is found among some of the island tribes of the Pacific.

Some of these people are gentle and kind in disposition, live under a patriarchal form of government, and each tribe or family holds its chief or father in the greatest reverence. When the chief dies, a solemn feast is made by the family and friends, at which the body is cooked and distributed among the guests, amid songs in praise of the departed, and invocation of his spirit. By this ceremony, these people not only do honor to the deceased, but they believe that in partaking of his body they inherit the virtues for which he was revered in life.

While presenting cannibalism in an aspect so different from that in which it is generally regarded, we say nothing in extenuation of the practice; but, convinced of the truth of our conclusions, we are glad to find that they tend to acquit human nature of one of the most revolting crimes charged against it.

We prefer to know that the custom had its origin in an idea of religion or spirituality, however perverted and materialized in the practice, rather than believe, as we had been taught, that man-eating had no other motive in the nature of man than such appetite as he shares with the brutes.

Good Manners.

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses power as soon as she admires too easily or too much. In man and woman the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you who are not a gossip talk as a gossip, and tell what the neighbors or the journals say? State your opinion without apology. The attitude is the main point, assuring your companion that, come good news or come bad, you remain in good heart and good mind, which is the best news you can possibly communicate. Self-control is the rule. You have in you there a noisy, sensual savage, which you are to keep down, and turn all his strength to beauty. For example, what a seneschal and detective is laughter! It seems to require several generations of education to train a squeaking or a shouting habit out of man. Sometimes, when in almost all expressions the Choctaw and the slave had been worked out of him, a coarse nature still betrays itself in his contemptible equals of joy. The great gain is not to conquer your companion—then you learn nothing but conceit—but to find a companion who knows what you do not; to tilt with him and be overthrown, horse and foot, with utter destruction of all your logic and learning. There is a defeat that is useful. Then you can see the real and the counterfeit, and will never accept the counterfeit again. You will adopt the art of war that has defeated you. You will ride to battle horsed on the very logic which you found irresistible. You will accept the fertile truth, instead of the solemn customary lie. When people come to see us we foolishly prattle, lest we be inhospitable. But things said for conversation are chalk eggs. Don't say things. What you are stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary. A lady of my acquaintance said: "I don't care so much for what they say as I do for what makes them say it." The law of the table is beauty—a respect to the common soul of all guests. Everything is unreasonable which is private to two or three or any portion of the company. Tact never

violates for a moment this law; never intrudes the orders of the house, the vices of the absent, or a tariff of expenses or professional privacies; as we say, we never "talk shop" before company. Lovers abstain from caresses, and hater insults, while they sit in one parlor with common friends. Would we codify the laws that should reign in households, and whose daily transgression annoys and mortifies us and degrades our household life, we must learn to adorn every day with sacrifices. Good manners are made up of pretty sacrifices.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE HON. HESTER CLYMER.

HESTER CLYMER, of Reading, Pa., who represents the Eighth District of that State in the present Congress, and is Chairman of the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department, was born in Caernarvon Township, Berks County, November 3d, 1827. He received his primary education in the schools of Reading, and graduated at Princeton College, New Jersey, in 1847. Adopting the law as a profession, he was admitted to the Bar, in Berks County, in the year 1849, and pursued his profession in that county until the Autumn of 1851, when he removed to Pottsville, Schuylkill County, and there practiced until 1856, when he returned to Reading, and soon acquired an extensive practice. In January, 1860, by appointment of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, he represented his native county in the Board of Revenue Commissioners of the State, and in the same year he represented his District in the National Democratic Convention, which held its sessions at Charleston and Baltimore. He was a member of the State Senate of Pennsylvania from October, 1860, until he received the nomination, in March, 1866, as Democratic candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, when he resigned his seat. In 1868 he again represented his district in the National Democratic Convention which met in New York, and was afterwards appointed by Governor Geary a member of the State Board of Public Charities.

The Winter of 1870-71 was spent by him in traveling over Europe, and upon his return he was chosen President of the Democratic State Convention, which met in Reading during the month of May, 1872. Mr. Clymer was elected a member of the Forty-third Congress, and re-elected to the Forty-fourth, on the Democratic ticket, by a large majority.

THE HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, CHAIRMAN OF THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE.

JON. JAMES PROCTOR KNOTT, to whose hands fell the preparation of the articles of impeachment against ex-Secretary Belknap, was born near Lebanon, Ky., August 29th, 1830. In 1850 he removed to Memphis, Scotland County, Mo., where he began the practice of law in the year following. At that time nearly the entire Bar of a district comprising the Judge around the Circuit, and many sharp passages occurred between the old and the young members. Mr. Knott soon attracted notice, and gained much distinction in these travels. In 1858 he was elected to the Missouri Legislature, and served in that body as a member of the Judiciary Committee, in connection with the Hon. Charles H. Hardin, now Governor of the State. He was also chosen as the manager of the famous impeachment trial of Judge Albert Jackson, and made the opening and closing arguments.

In 1859 he resigned his position in the Legislature to accept the Attorney-Generalship by appointment. The next year he was elected to the position by a majority much larger than that received by the successful gubernatorial candidate.

After the close of the war he took an active part in the reorganization of the Democratic Party, and in the Durell campaign of 1866. In May, 1867, he was elected a member of the Fortieth Congress, and, after taking his seat, he delivered elaborate arguments against the constitutionality of the test oath, in the case of his colleague, the Hon. John Young Brown; against the constitutionality of Mr. Broomall's Bill to establish universal suffrage in all the States; and upon the legal aspects of the disfranchising clause of the Fourteenth Amendment. In 1868 he was re-elected to Congress, and it was during the ensuing session that he made his celebrated "Duluth speech," which was on the Bill to renew a land grant to the St. Croix and Bayfield Railroad Company. That speech is considered one of the finest pieces of satire in the English language.

In November, 1874, Mr. Knott was again elected to Congress. The leading trait of Mr. Knott's mind is its logical exactness. Quick to grasp the fundamental principles which underlie a subject, he follows them out to their consequences with a severity and inflexibility of logic that are inexorable. In his speeches he adapts his style and manner with wonderful tact to the demands of the occasion; but there is one feature that is never absent—he always knows what he is talking about.

Finds in the Rag-Bag.

THE "finds" in the rag-bag and the rubbish-heap are sometimes not a little curious. A mistress allows Betty, the maid, to keep a rag-bag; and occasionally Betty yields to the temptation of putting into that bag articles which are certainly not rags. But apart from any suspicion of dishonesty, valuables find themselves in very odd places, through inadvertency or forgetfulness. We need not say much about such small creatures as insects, spiders, or lizards, that are found by the paper-makers in bundles of esparto; they are unwelcome intrusions rather than finds. A patent lock was once found among the contents of a family rag-bag; and as it was worth five shillings, the buyer was well content. An old Latin prayer-book, bought as waste-paper, had a bundle of nails, curiously linked together, packed inside. Half-sovereigns and other coins are found in cast-off pockets, in the heels of old stockings, and inside the linings of dresses. An old coat, purchased by a London dealer, revealed the fact—a joyful fact to the buyer—that the buttons consisted of sovereigns covered with cloth. Three pounds sterling, in German paper money, found their way into a bundle of German rags that reached a paper-maker. The London Rag Brigade boys once found a bank check-book, and on another occasion six pairs of new silk stockings, in waste-paper and rags which they had bought; these unexpected articles were, to the honor of the brigade, at once returned. A rare find once occurred in the Houndsditch region. A dealer—of the gentler sex, we are told—gave sevenpence and a pint of beer for a pair of old breeches; while the bargain was being ratified at a public-house, the buyer began to rip up the garment, when out rolled eleven golden guineas, wrapped up in a thirty-pound bank-note. We rather think that, in strictness of law, the guineas of this treasure-trove belonged to the Crown; but most likely the elated buyer and the mortified seller made merry over the windfall. Many people, in the days when banking was little understood, had a habit of concealing spare money about their persons; thus, an old waikcoat, bought for a trifle, was found lined with bank-notes! But of all the finds, what shall we think of a baby? A paper manufacturer assures us that in a bag of

rags brought from Leghorn, and opened at an Edinburgh paper-mill, a tiny baby was found, pressed almost flat. Poor bantling! Was it accidentally squeezed to death in a turn-up bedstead, or was some darker tragedy associated with its brief history?—*Chambers's Journal.*

Honesty the Best Policy.

PERSONS engaged in the sardine trade in France are finding out that fraud is not always profitable in the long run. This export trade, says Consul Clipperton in his commercial report on Nantes for the past year, was found to have fallen off to such a great extent that information on the subject was sought by the Minister of Commerce from the French consuls abroad. The United States being the principal buyer of this article, were applied to in the first instance, and the unpleasant truth was revealed in a dispatch from the French Consul-General at New York last February. It seems that the hermetically closed boxes containing, it was fondly believed, "sardines a l'huile" could no longer be depended on for the nature of their contents. Spurious fish, such as sprats, mackerel, and even more common species, were introduced, while the oil was of very inferior quality. It was discovered that at least 40 per cent. of the importation was spurious, and as a natural consequence the general demand for sardines fell, and a large stock was left on hand. The ordinary yearly production of sardines is between 400,000 and 500,000 cases, each case containing 100 boxes, of which it is estimated that France consumes 70,000 cases, or on an average one box for every five inhabitants. With a view to protect the buyers in future from being cheated by fraudulent contractors, a syndicate has been lately formed to watch, as far as it is possible, that the rules and regulations agreed to by the trade are complied with, and having full powers to grant a mark or certificate guaranteeing that the merchandise is of a sound and marketable quality—the quality to be determined each season and to be considered as accepted.

Six Months in the Whisky Business.

THE Government records show some interesting facts as to the quantity of whisky manufactured in the United States—but says not a word of the quality. The result is, for six months ending December 31st, 1875, 26,100,392 gallons, against 28,260,212 for the corresponding six months in 1874, a falling off of 2,159,820 gallons. The decrease is traced to the seizures of distilleries in the West. Over 18 million gallons of the quantity produced in that six months were removed for sale. The total upon which tax was paid was 29,466,590, against 31,870,834 for the corresponding period of 1874, a falling off of nearly 2,500,000 gallons. By vigilance in the execution of the law, while the manufacture was reduced for the six months named, the revenue was increased nearly \$2,500,000. The following States have the supreme honor of making the most whisky: Missouri fell off very largely, because of the vigilance of the detectives; Illinois, 10,242,950 gallons; Ohio, 5,958,401; Indiana, 2,400,180; Kentucky, 1,542,227; New York, 1,439,831; Massachusetts, 1,251,086; California, 719,240; Pennsylvania, 593,035; Wisconsin, 596,662; Missouri, 14,563.

Eyeless Fish that Live in Hot Water.

A MOST singular discovery was recently made in the Savage Mine, Nevada. This was the finding of living fish in the water now flooding both the Savage and Hale and Norcross Mines. The fish found were five in number, and were hoisted up the incline in the large iron hoisting tank and dumped into the pump tank at the bottom of the vertical shaft. The fishes are eyeless, and are only about three or four inches in length. They are blood-red in color.

The temperature of the water in which they are found is 128 degrees Fahrenheit—almost scalding hot. When the fish were taken out of the hot water in which they were found, and placed in a bucket of cold water, for the purpose of being brought to the surface, they died almost instantly. The cold water at once chilled their life-blood.

In appearance these subterranean members of the finny tribe somewhat resemble gold-fish. They seem lively and sportive enough while in their native hot water, notwithstanding the fact that they have no eyes, nor even the rudiments of eyes. The water by which the mines are flooded broke in at a depth of 2,200 feet in a drift that was being pushed to the northward in the Savage. It rose in the mine—also in the Hale and Norcross, the two mines being connected—to the height of 400 feet; that is up to the 1,800-foot level. This would seem to prove that a great subterranean reservoir or lake has been tapped, and from this lake doubtless came the fish hoisted from the mine, as stated.

Eyeless fishes are frequently found in the lakes of large caves, but we have never before heard of their existence in either surface or subterranean water the temperature of which was so high as is the water in these mines. The lower workings of the Savage Mine are far below the bed of the Carson River, below the bottom of the Washoe Lake—below any water running or standing anywhere within a distance of ten miles of the mine.

Big and Little Books.

AS TO the smallest and largest books, there is a story in Pliny of a copy of the "Iliad" on a piece of parchment so small as to be inclosed in a nutshell; but this is questionable, nor may such a writing be accounted a book. Mr. Frowde's Bible is the smallest printed book known, counting the proportion of matter to space, but the smallest actually is said to be a publication of the Religious Tract Society, London, "Small Rain upon the Tender Herb," which is but 1½ inch high. The largest printed work the world has yet seen is the "Specifications of English Patents," published in parts at the rate of about ten a day, of which about 90,000 have been issued. Sets of these have been given to several American libraries, but the binding requires a small fortune.

A Unique Library.

THE unique library of the late Franz Hardinger of Vienna, hotel-keeper and bibliophile, is to be sold immediately. This library, consisting of 21,000 volumes, was particularly rich in German plays of the sixteenth century, and contained probably the only perfect collection of Vienna play-bills, show-bills, etc., dating from the beginning of the last century to the present time. It included every edition of the German classics, as Schiller, Goethe, Lessing, etc.

A Retrospect of Centuries.

ONE HUNDRED years ago: American Independence. Two hundred years ago: King Philip (the Indian) defeated and slain; habes corpus in England. Three hundred years ago: massacre of St. Bartholomew; Spanish Armada preparing. Four hundred years ago: printing invented; Isabella the coming queen. Five hundred years ago: the days of Tamerlane the Tartar, and Chaucer the English poet. Six hundred years ago: Balliol and Bruce; Richard Bacon; St. Thomas Aquinas; House of Haspeburg founded. Seven hundred years ago: Richard Cœur de Lion and Saladin, sultan of Egypt, measuring swords in Palestine. Eight hundred years ago: William the Conqueror. Nine hundred years ago: Hugh Capet, the Frenchman. One thousand years ago: Alfred the Great. One thousand and one hundred years ago: Charlemagne and Haroun Al Raschid.

One thousand two hundred years ago: Mohammedanism making lively work in Constantinople and other places.

One thousand three hundred years ago: Old Chosroes, the Persian, lives by murder, and the Pope is made a secular judge among kings.

One thousand four hundred years ago: the Saxons lively in Britain; Clovis establishes the French monarchy, and the Visigoths conquer Spain.

One thousand five hundred years ago: the Roman Empire having legislated many years in favor of capital and against labor, begins to fall to pieces.

One thousand six hundred years ago: the world has nothing better to do than to broach and denounce heresies and get up religious persecutions.

One thousand seven hundred years ago: Marcus Aurelius, Tacitus, and Plutarch.

One thousand eight hundred years ago: Jerusalem destroyed, and Herculaneum and Pompeii buried.

One thousand eight hundred and seventy-six years ago: all the world at peace and Christ born.

Six thousand years ago: Adam rose to the dignity of a large real-estate owner, but by poor management was driven into involuntary bankruptcy.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE JABIN WELL CATASTROPHE AT ST.
ETIENNE, FRANCE.

A dreadful catastrophe has confirmed the lugubrious reputation of the Jabin Well, which the miners were already accustomed to call "The Devourer of Men." In 1872 seventy workmen lost their lives in it. It is one of the most dangerous wells in the entire coal district of the Loire. Thanks, however, to the Miesler lamp, and to an excellent system of ventilation, accidents have been less frequent than formerly; but when they do occur they are terrible. The explosion on the afternoon of February 5th brought together at the first alarm a crowd of women, children and other relatives of the two hundred and sixteen miners known to have gone down to work in the morning. Grief and despair filled every heart, while the snow fell in big flakes, and a devoted body of engineers and miners disputed with each other for the perilous honor of seeking to save as many of the victims as possible. On Friday twenty-four workmen were rescued alive, but several of them afterwards died. On the same day, twenty-six corpses were recovered. The next day, Saturday, fifty-five corpses were recovered. Only one hundred and seven of the two hundred and sixteen miners were brought out, dead or living, from this accursed well. As soon as the news of the disaster reached Paris, the President of the French Republic, Marshal MacMahon, invited one of his aides-de-camp, the General Marquis d'Abzac, to hasten to St. Etienne, and see the condition of things. On his arrival, General d'Abzac went to the Jabin Well, and, in minor's costume, went down into the mine with M. de Bignieres, the Prefect of the Loire. The funeral of the sixty-four victims first recovered from the Jabin Well took place on Monday. The ceremonies in the Church of the Sun were equally affecting and imposing. The walls of the church were hung in black. In the centre rose a modest framework, covered with candles, and around this were placed the sixty-four coffins, draped with black cloth relieved by large white crosses and wreaths of flowers. The funeral procession attracted an immense number of spectators. Subscriptions were at once opened at Paris and in the provinces for the relief of the widows and orphans of the victims, and France, as is her wont, liberally responded to the appeal.

INVESTITURE OF THE ORDER OF THE BLACK EAGLE.

On January 18th was held, in the old Royal Palace at Berlin, a Chapter of Knights of the Order of the Black Eagle. To be enrolled in this Order is the highest distinction which can be conferred by the German Emperor upon the noblest and best men who have rendered worthy service to him and to the State. The scene of the investiture of new Knights, represented by our cut, took place in the Knights' Hall in the beautiful palace.

HERZEGOVINIAN WOMEN IN BATTLE.

We have frequently illustrated the wild guerrilla warfare which is still being waged in the rocky fortresses of Herzegovina. Our present illustration shows how fearlessly the women and girls of these hardy mountaineers lend a hand in the conflict between them and their Turkish foes. The women are especially active in working those destructive engines, the stone batteries, by which rocks are hurled with fatal force upon the Turkish assailants. A Herzegovinian girl will boldly drive her mule to the very edge of the precipice, and without fatigue bear away the dead or wounded. Sometimes she spies the Turkish flag in the hand of a dying enemy, and then she never hesitates to plunge into the thickest of the fight, and seizing the trophy, she carries it off triumphantly and waves it on high to inflame the martial ardor of her kinsmen. One of our cuts depicts an exciting scene of this kind, while another represents a Council of War held by the Herzegovinian insurgents.

THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

THE Duke of Edinburgh performed the ceremony of opening, recently, the new Royal Aquarium and Summer and Winter Garden at Westminster. There was an assembly of nearly ten thousand ladies and gentlemen on the occasion, but no official uniforms were worn. The great hall, nevertheless, was a gay and beautiful scene, with the ladies' bright dresses, the flags, the palms and flowers, and the sparkling fountains. The undertaking at Westminster is intended, besides the aquarium, which is still incomplete, to afford facilities for "the encouragement of artistic, scientific, and musical tastes." It is to be "not only a popular exhibition, but a means of intellectual enjoyment and educational advantage."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 4, 1876.

GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE'S "Braes" continued in its prosperous run at the Park Theatre. . . . Theodore Thomas has offered the services of himself and orchestra for a grand concert at Steinway Hall on the 11th, under the auspices of the Women's Centennial Union of New York City. . . . Mme. Pappenheim will make her first appearance in Italian opera at the Academy on the 17th in "La Traviata." . . . The California Minstrels have taken possession of the Twenty-third Street Theatre. . . . "She Stoops to Conquer" was continued at Wallack's throughout the week. Wheeler's comedy of "The Twins" is in rehearsal. . . . Miss Kellogg began her season of English Opera at the Academy on the 28th with "Martha." . . . The 100th evening performance of "Rose Michel" at the Union Square Theatre was given on the 28th before a crowded house. A version of the French drama of "Ferreol" will succeed the brilliant play. . . . The third concert in the season of the New York Oratorio Society took place at Steinway Hall on the 28th ult. . . . Matt Morgan has engaged the Lyceum Theatre for the next season, and will make it a vaudeville house. . . . No change occurred in the programme at the Fifth Avenue, where "Pique" is rapidly gaining on its 100th performance, nor at Booth's, where "Julius Caesar" is still attracting the most cultivated audiences. . . . Dr. Von Bülow will open a new series of concerts lasting two weeks at Chickering Hall, on the 20th. . . . On account of the sudden illness of Mr. Wallack, "Caste" was substituted for "She Stoops to Conquer" on the evening of the 2d. It is expected that Mr. Wallack will reappear next week.

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—THE Centennial branch post-office is now open for business.

—THE Legislature of Colorado has granted an appropriation of \$10,000 for Centennial purposes.

—ONLY works of high merit will be chosen by the Italian Committee on selection of art exhibits.

—AND now the new Annex of the Art Gallery is to be extended by a wing on the north and south sides.

—A DOUBLE track narrow-gauge railroad is being constructed to convey visitors from one building to another.

—Two of the Belgian Commissioners with a detachment of soldiers arrived at Philadelphia on the 29th ult.

—BRITISH artisans are forming companies, with the aid of employers, to visit this country and study our industries.

—THE reception of paintings, statuary and other works of art by the New York Centennial Agency will close March 27th.

—SUPERINTENDENT HAGAN, from Scotland Yard, London, and Corporal Creighton, of the Royal Engineers, have arrived.

—SIGNOR CAVALIER PADOVONI, President of the Italian Executive Commission, will start for Philadelphia on the 1st of April.

—ALL the choral societies of Philadelphia have been invited to co-operate in the formation of a grand chorus for the opening ceremonies.

—EXCURSION tickets on the Pennsylvania Railroad, good for five days, between New York and Philadelphia, can now be bought for \$5.

—ARRANGEMENTS have been completed to secure an encampment of between thirty and forty tribes of Indians on the Exhibition grounds.

—THE Government Building was formally transferred by the contractors to the possession of the United States on the 1st. It has cost \$60,000.

—A MODEL of the Old State House in Philadelphia, made of gold, silver and copper, and valued at \$10,000, will be among the local exhibits.

—FROEBEL'S Kindergarten system is to be thoroughly displayed in a building specially prepared near the Women's Pavilion, at the foot of George Hill.

—A MODEL working brewery, 260 by 80 feet, is to be erected near the Agricultural Hall. The building will cost \$30,000, and the interior decorations \$40,000 more.

—FOUR additional pavilion buildings, as a portion of the Main Hall, are to be erected on the ground between that and Elm Avenue, to provide extra floor space for exhibits.

—THE Clinch Rifles, of Georgia, and the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., are to be furnished with improved Springfield muskets for the parade of the Centennial Legion.

—BUT a little more than half the sum required for the Father Mathew Temperance Fountain has been raised, and organizations in sympathy with the movement are urged to hurry their contributions.

—AS the State of Kentucky could not secure the requisite space for her exhibits, her commissioners have decided to petition the Legislature for \$5,000 to defray the expense of publishing a pamphlet setting forth the mineral resources of the State.

—A COMPLETE cross-section of the celebrated mammoth vein is being prepared by the Reading Coal and Oil Company. It will consist of a shaft three feet square, and the full thickness of the vein, showing the intervening thickness of the strata and all the different benches.

—RIDLEY PARK, West Philadelphia, has been secured for the exclusive purpose of an encampment-ground. It has been tendered free of charge to all Knights Templar who may visit the city in organized lodges, and the Grand Commandery of Maryland has decided to pitch tents there on June 28th, and remain until July 5th.

—AN organ is being built in Boston to occupy the gallery of the eastern end of the great nave of the Main Building. The instrument will be a thorough exemplar of the Organ industry, and will be so large that spectators can readily gain admission to its interior and examine all the details. There will be four stories of apartments within the case, besides an elegant office for the representative of the manufacturing firm.

CONGRESSIONAL.

FORTY-FOURTH CONGRESS—FIRST SESSION.

MONDAY, February 22d.—SENATE.—House Bill to amend Act for admission of Colorado as a State taken up, debated, read a third time, and passed. . . . Consideration of West Point Appropriation Bill resumed, and after amendments it was laid over to accommodate Executive Session. House.—Communication presented from Attorney-General denying having issued instructions in the Whiskey cases contrary to any established policy, which was referred to Judiciary Committee. . . . Resolution reported instructing Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire into the connection of Minister Schenck with the Emma Mine swindle.

TUESDAY, February 23d.—SENATE.—The West Point Bill, with amendments made in Committee of the Whole, read a third time and passed. . . . House.—Bill limiting cost of a Custom House building at Memphis, Tenn., to \$400,000 passed. . . . In Committee of the Whole, the Bill amending laws granting pensions to invalid soldiers by striking out section restoring to rolls the names of persons dropped for sympathy with the rebellion, was after consideration ordered recommitted.

WEDNESDAY, March 1st.—SENATE.—Resolution for admission of Mr. Pinckback taken up and discussed to hour of Executive Session. House.—The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire what legislation is necessary to secure indemnity to the United States for interest on subsidy bonds of Pacific Railroad companies. . . . Resolution reported from Committee on Expenditures in Post Office Department instructing Committee to inquire into cost of New York City Post Office.

THURSDAY, March 2d.—SENATE.—Pinckback resolution called up and laid over. . . . Bill to enable people of New Mexico to form a State Government read and laid over until next week. House.—In Committee of the Whole, the Hawaiian Treaty Bill was discussed up to interruption by Mr. Clymer, of Committee on Expenditures in War Department, who presented articles of impeachment against the Secretary of War.

FRIDAY, March 3d.—SENATE.—Bills introduced fixing rate of postage on third-class mail-matter, and for other purposes; and to restore franking swindle. . . . Favorable reports were received on Bills regulating counting of votes for President and Vice-President, and making the 12th and 22d of February legal holidays. . . . Resolution submitted appropriating \$15,000 to pay expenses of the Senator Spencer investigation. . . . Pinckback resolution taken up, and debated to hour of executive session, at close of which Senate adjourned to the 6th. House.—Bill from Committee on Military Affairs regulating leave of absence of army officers reported and passed. . . . Resolution adopted, calling for all papers relating to the Military Court of Inquiry in the case of General Babcock.

SATURDAY, March 4th.—HOUSE.—By arrangement the session was devoted exclusively to debate on the Hawaiian treaty.

A NATION'S SHAME.

A CABINET MINISTER CONVICTED
OF GROSS MISDEMEANOR.THE SECRETARY OF WAR FORCED
TO RESIGN FOR SELLING POSI-
TIONS IN HIS DEPARTMENT.

A WHIRLWIND of excitement, with its vortex at the national capital, swept over the country on Thursday, March 2d, at the announcement that Secretary of War Belknap had fallen into disgrace, and been forced to resign. The first telegraphic rumors, accusing Mr. Belknap of gross abuse of his official position for mercenary personal motives, would have been received with incredulity had their details not been so circumstantially related. Later developments gave full confirmation to those earlier reports; and on the morning of March 3d Mr. Belknap stood before the world guilty, by his own confession, of a gross misdemeanor, which must hand his name down in the annals of the nation coupled with irredeemable and everlasting infamy. The following is a succinct narrative of

THE DISGRACEFUL CIRCUM-
STANCES.

The House of Representatives Committee on Expenditures in the War Department having had its attention directed to alleged abuses in the management of the post-tradership at Fort Sill, I. T., compelled the attendance before it of Caleb P. Marsh, of 30 West Fifty-seventh Street, New York, upon whom the appointment of Post-Trader had been bestowed by the Secretary of War in 1870. This gentleman, though a reluctant witness, made a complete exposure of the dishonest manner in which the position, one of the most lucrative of its kind, had been awarded. He testified that, being a friend of the Belknap family, the late Mrs. Belknap, in the Summer of 1870, used her influence to secure for him the post-tradership at Fort Sill. The office was then held by a Mr. John S. Evans, who was very anxious to retain it, and a contract was entered into between Evans and Marsh whereby the latter was to sublet the business to Evans, and receive \$12,000 annually, in quarterly payments, as his share of the transaction. That amount was paid for about two years, when, the strength of the post being diminished, it was reduced to \$6,000.

WHERE THE MONEY WENT.

One-half of each of the quarterly payments received by Marsh was sent regularly to Mrs. Belknap, and, after her death in the Fall of 1870, to the Secretary himself. The money was sent according to the instructions of the Secretary of War, some-



GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP, LATE UNITED STATES SECRETARY OF WAR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDERICKS.

times in bank-notes by express, sometimes in certificates of deposit, and sometimes was paid to himself in person, or invested at his request in Government bonds. The aggregate so received by Secretary Belknap, as a consideration for Marsh's retention in office, was about \$20,000.

EFFORTS TO CONCEAL THE TRUTH.

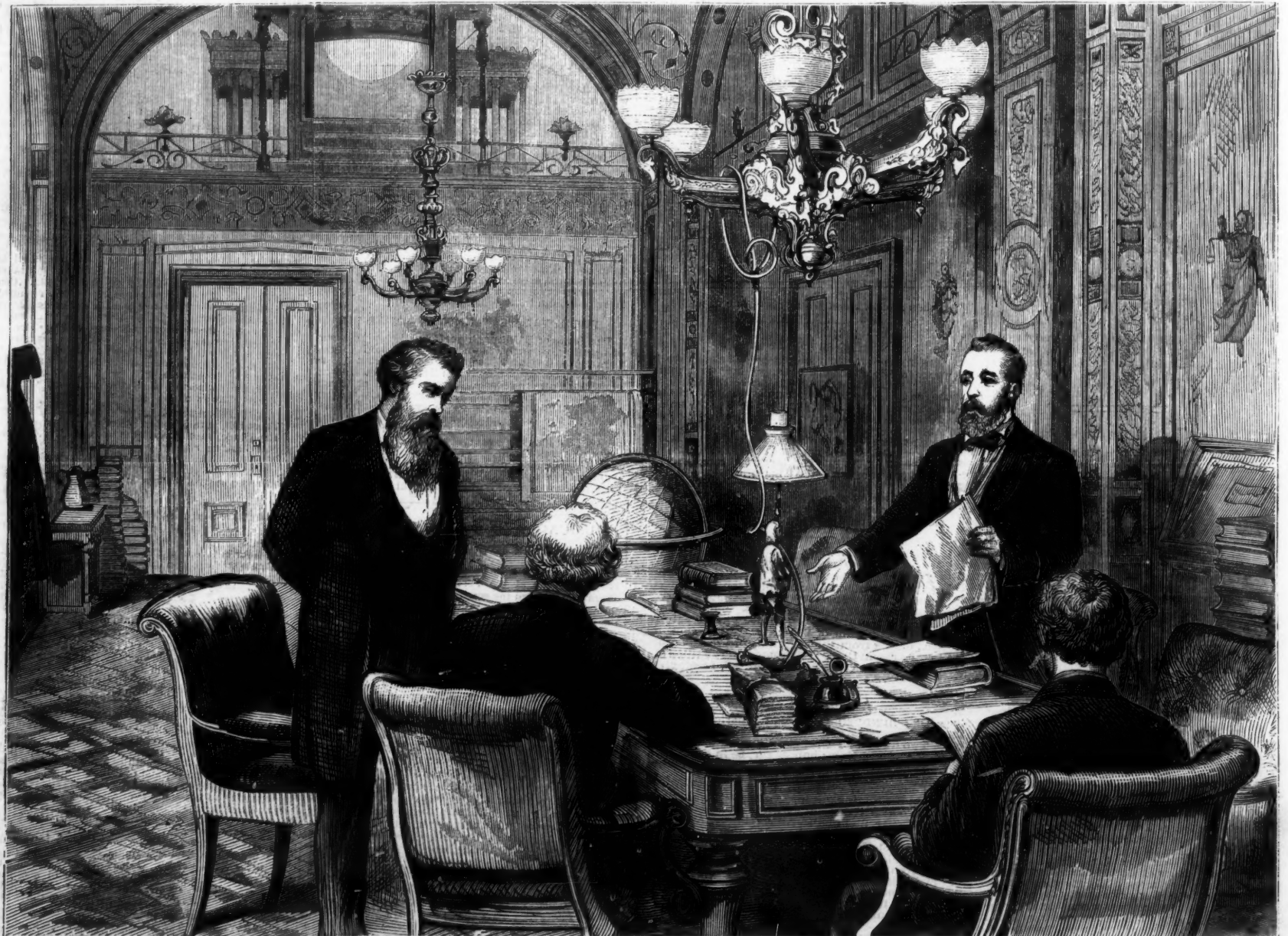
When Marsh received the first summons to appear before the Committee, he repaired instantly to Washington, and passed the night of February 23d at the Belknap residence. Mrs. Belknap, who is a sister of the deceased lady by whom Marsh's appointment was brought about, urged Marsh to represent to the committee that he had been transacting business for her, and that the money he had sent to the Secretary had been simply forwarded under cover for her benefit. Mr. Marsh refused to comply with this proposition, as he felt assured that when once confronted with the committee nothing short of the whole truth would suffice. He offered to leave the country, but Mr. Belknap appealed to him to remain, as his flight would bring ruin upon him. Mr. Marsh returned to New York, but eventually, in obedience to a subpoena, appeared before the committee on the 29th of February, and gave his testimony, of which the above is a summary.

SECRETARY BELKNAP BEFORE
THE COMMITTEE.

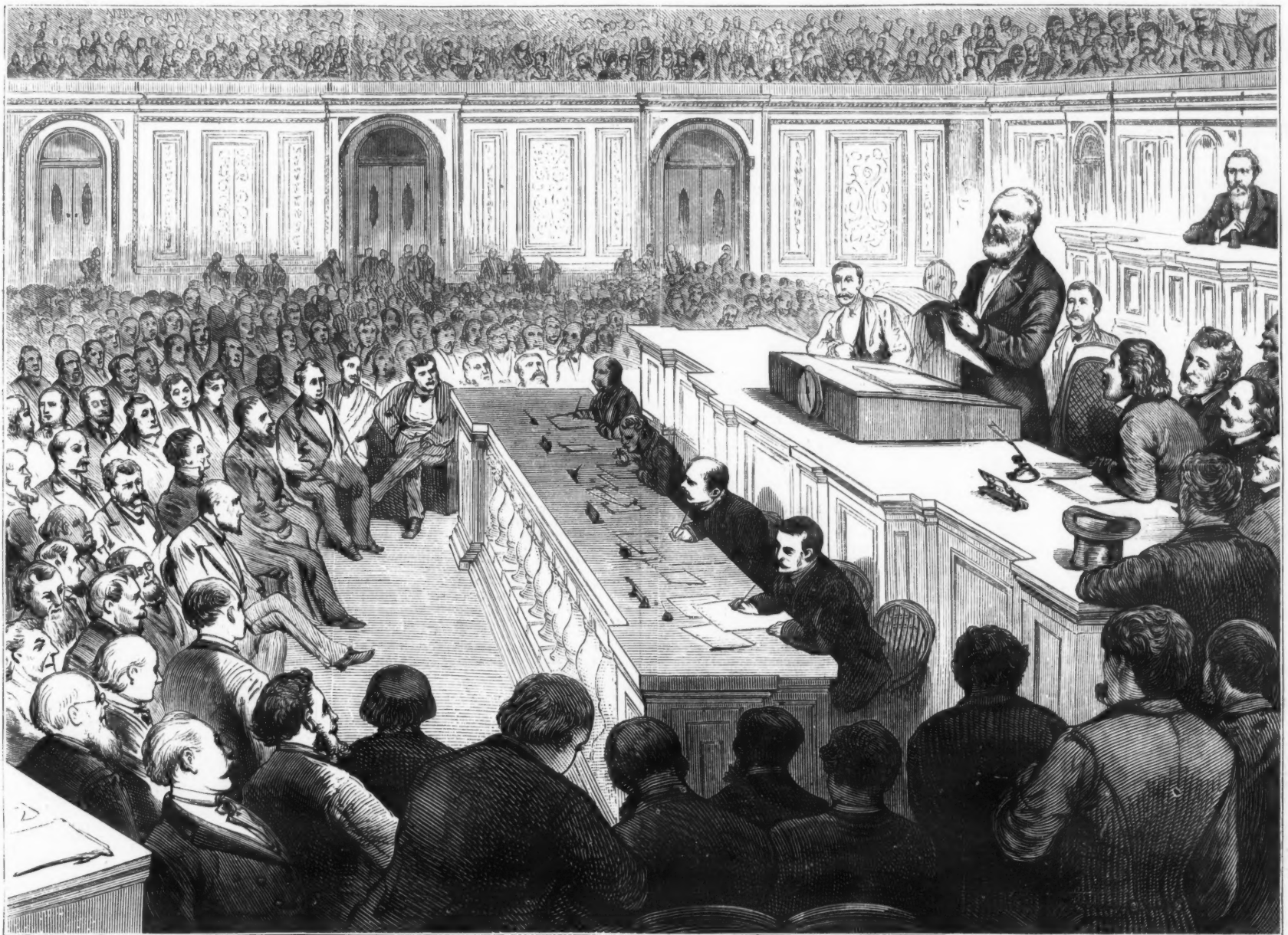
On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 1st, at 3 o'clock, Mr. Belknap was summoned before the committee, and the evidence of Marsh was read to him. He was asked if he could give any explanation, or refute the charge in any degree. Bowing his head with shame, he confessed that the statements were true, and that he must submit to his fate. He, however, implored the committee to save his wife from dishonor, and to suppress some of the most damning proofs, offering to suffer an indictment charging him with any other crime, provided the horrible record of corruption was withheld; and to this arraignment he would plead guilty, and at once tender his resignation.

THE SECRETARY RESIGNS.

On the morning of March 2d, Mr. Belknap, accompanied by Secretary Chandler, visited the President at the White House. On entering, Mr. Belknap presented his resignation, and desired its immediate acceptance, saying by way of explanation, with a good deal of emotion, that a serious scandal had been discovered affecting his wife, and of course also himself; that he desired to relieve the President and the Administration of all embarrassment by immediate resignation, and that he



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE COMMITTEE-ROOM OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN THE CAPITOL.—GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP, SECRETARY OF WAR, APPEARING BEFORE THE COMMITTEE ON EXPENDITURES, FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—HON. HESTER CLYMER, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON EXPENDITURES IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT, READING TO THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES THE REPORT AND RESOLUTIONS ASKING FOR THE IMPEACHMENT OF W. W. BELKNAP, LATE SECRETARY OF WAR.

would assure General Grant that the accounts of the War Department were not involved, and were in every respect correct. The President, unconscious of the real state of affairs, summoned a clerk, and directed him to have his acceptance of Mr. Belknap's resignation written out. When it was brought down, he was not satisfied with its terms, and taking a sheet of paper to the mantelpiece, near which he was standing, there wrote the acceptance. Mr. Belknap and Secretary Chandler the coupon withdrew.

THE COMMITTEE REPORT TO THE HOUSE.

On the afternoon of that day the committee reported to the House of Representatives, where a great crowd was assembled. In obedience to numerous demands, Mr. Clymer read from the

front row, while a clerical employé of the House lay stretched in front of him, his elbow on the floor and his head resting upon his hand, unconscious of the attention he was diverting from the tremulous voice of Mr. Clymer.

AN IMPEACHMENT DEMANDED.

On March 3d the Senate was notified that a committee had been appointed by the House of Representatives to impeach Mr. Belknap at the bar of the

Senate, and shortly afterwards the committee presented itself. The gentlemen comprising it—Messrs. Clymer, of Pennsylvania; Robbins, of North Carolina; Blackburn, of Kentucky; Bass, of New York, and Danforth, of Ohio—having been recognized by Mr. Ferry, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, advanced to the space in front of the presiding officer arm-in-arm, and

MR. CLYMER ADDRESSED THE SENATE.

"Mr. President: In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives, we appear before you, and in the name of the House of Representatives and of all the people of the United States of America we do impeach William W. Belknap, late Secretary of War of the United States, of high crimes and mis-

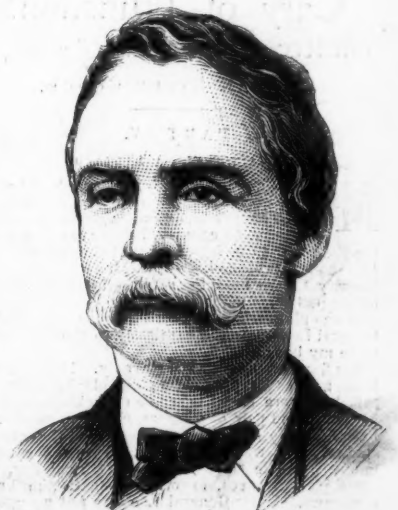


HON. HESTER CLYMER, CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE ON EXPENDITURES IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—SEE PAGE 23.

Clerk's desk the report and resolutions charging William W. Belknap, late Secretary of War, with high crimes and misdemeanors in office, and impeaching him in the name of the House of Representatives and the people of the United States. During the reading of the report and evidence every seat in the hall was occupied, while the area in front of the Clerk's desk and the vacant space in the rear of the members' seats were fringed with Senators and other persons privileged to occupy the floor. Mr. Blair occupied a seat on the dais, to the left of and below the Speaker's chair. Several members secured chairs and seated themselves in front of the Clerk's desk, that no word of the committee's indictment might escape them. A Western member sat on the floor, cross-legged, like a Turk, in front of Judge Holman's seat, which is in the



WASHINGTON, D. C.—INTERVIEW, AT THE WHITE HOUSE, BETWEEN PRESIDENT GRANT AND SECRETARY BELKNAP.



HON. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, CHAIRMAN OF THE JUDICIARY COMMITTEE.—SEE PAGE 23.

demeanors while in office, and we further inform the Senate that the House of Representatives will in due time exhibit articles of impeachment against him and make good the same, and in their name we demand that the Senate shall take order for the appearance of said William W. Belknap to answer to the same impeachment."

Mr. Ferry, President *pro tem.* of the Senate, said: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee: The Senate will take notice in the premises." The committee then retired. The preparations for the formal impeachment were immediately begun in both houses.

SKETCH OF THE EX-SECRETARY OF WAR.

William Worth Belknap was born at Newburg, N. Y., September 22d, 1829. His father, General William G. Belknap, was for many years a distinguished officer in the regular army. He entered

the service in 1813, and died in 1851. The ex-Secretary was educated at Princeton College, New Jersey, where he graduated in the class of 1848.

General Belknap studied law with H. Caperton, Esq., at Georgetown, D.C., and as the partner of Ralph P. Lowe, afterwards Governor of Iowa, and Judge of the Supreme Court, practiced his profession successfully in Keokuk, Ia., where he located in 1851. He was elected to and served one term—that of 1857-58—in the Iowa Legislature as a Democrat. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he entered the army as Major of the Fifteenth Iowa Infantry. Soon after he was detailed as Provost-Marshal on General McPherson's staff, figuring conspicuously in all the campaigns in Tennessee. He was with General Sherman in the Georgia campaign, distinguished himself in front of Atlanta, and on the day General McPherson fell, acted so bravely that he was promoted to be Brigadier-General. Subsequently he marched with Sherman to the sea, and when the army reached Savannah was breveted Major-General.

In 1866 he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the First District of Iowa, the duties of which office he discharged creditably until 1869, when he was called to Washington as one of the constitutional advisers of the President. He took the oath of office as Secretary of War on the 1st of November, 1869, as successor to the late General Rawlins. In the Spring of 1872 he was charged by Senators Sumner and Schurz with having sold arms and ordnance stores to the agents of the French Government during the war with Germany, in violation of law. This was made a subject of investigation by committees of both branches of Congress, and their reports agreed that there was no corruption attending the disposition of the arms, which were declared unsuitable for further use, and realized for the Government some \$10,000,000. Senator Stevenson alone, one of the Senate Investigating Committee, although he agreed that there had been no corruption in the business, reported, however, that the manner in which the sale was conducted was in violation of the statute of July 20th, 1868.

His latest and most prominent public venture was in the late Senatorial contest in Iowa. The State Legislature was importuned to elect him as the successor of Senator Wright, whose term of office expires in 1877. Everything possible was done to secure Belknap's election. The result was in favor of Governor Kirkwood, the Secretary of War receiving only twelve votes.

MRS. GENERAL W. W. BELKNAP.

Unpleasant as it always is to bring into unenviable prominence the name of a woman, our narrative would not be complete without at least an allusion to Mrs. Belknap. The late Secretary was twice married. His first wife was the sister of Mrs. Hugh T. Reed, of Iowa; his second, a Miss Tomlinson, of Keokuk. His present wife was Mrs. Amanda T. Bowers, of Harrodsburg, Ky., and sister of his second wife. She is tall, has a well-developed, rounded form and graceful carriage. Her features are regular, her complexion clear and fair, while her hair is black, and her eyes black and very bright. Mrs. Belknap is dainty from head to foot. Hats and boots match each costume. Her foot is the smallest in Washington. She wears number one-and-a-half shoes, though she is five feet six inches in height. Slippers and boots of satin for these dainty feet come from Paris, and are always enough seen to be admired. The jewels Mrs. Belknap most frequently wears consist of a string of large pearls around her neck, with a beautiful pendant of diamonds. Her earrings are two solitaire drops for each ear. An aigrette of diamonds is the only ornament she ever wears on her shapely head, amid the puffs of dark hair that are always arranged to suit the contour of the handsome face. All shades and colors are becoming to Mrs. Belknap's style, and she indulges in Worth's most effective combinations. At the many entertainments she has attended this Winter she has looked equally beautiful, whether attired in pale rose-colored silk, with soft creamy lace, or turquoise blue silk, with long garlands of flowers trimming, the low corsage and very short sleeves, as well as the tablier and trains of ivory-tinted silk trimmed with fringe and lace; or even her carriage costumes—one of black velvet and lace, another of blue velvet trimmed with bands of pheasants' feathers. She has many other toilets of the richest material. She was married to General Belknap on the 11th of December, 1873, at Harrodsburg, Ky.

Cary of Hunsdon.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A MAN OF '76.

BY JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PART IV.

CHAPTER VI.—A LAGGARD.

MAKING my way rapidly northward, and more than once narrowly escaping capture by the enemy's scouting parties prowling through the country, I safely reached Basking Ridge, and was informed that General Charles Lee had established his personal quarters in a country tavern near the village—his troops being encamped some miles distant.

It was night when I reached the place, and Major-General Lee sauntered carelessly to the door to inquire my business.

His figure was *outré* and slovenly. His head was bare, he was wrapped in an old blanket-coat, his thin legs were cased in woolen stockings, and he had on an old pair of slippers, nearly in tatters. I have hitherto described the person of this erratic soldier. He was unchanged. I saw the same gaunt, irascible face, the same satirical lips, the same piercing eyes, lowering beneath the burly eyebrows. Major-General Lee was not an agreeable individual in his personal appearance; and his course during the war, though it had justly secured him the reputation of an able soldier, had made him far from popular as an individual.

From the first he seemed to be burned up by ambition, and jealousy of Washington, who had been intrusted with what he had expected—the chief command. Going with the commander-in-chief to Boston, he had afterwards conducted an expedition to the South, where he successfully opposed the British. Intrusted, then, with the command at New York, he had harried the Tories; and, finally, on Washington's retreat southward, had been left near White Plains, above New York, with three or four thousand men, to keep up a show of resistance there.

Then had begun a series of manoeuvres which placed him in almost open opposition to Washington. It is known now that he was consumed by the idea of effecting something, independent of Washington, thereby eclipsing him. He obstinately disobeyed repeated orders—not openly, but alleging futile excuses. He tampered with subordinates, endeavoring to bring them into his views. Of these

statements a single proof will be given, which I derived from General Heath, the object of his solicitations and threats.

This officer was posted at Peekskill, and Lee sent to him for a detachment to reinforce his own command. Heath declined to send it, alleging positive orders from Washington; and Lee, falling into a rage, rode to Heath's headquarters, where, dissembling his wrath, he took tea, and then came to business.

"In point of law you are right," he said, referring to the general's refusal; "but in point of policy I think you are wrong."

Heath remained unconvinced, and Lee yielded to anger.

"Will you order two thousand of your men to march with me?"

"I cannot spare that number."

"Will you order one thousand?"

"This business may as well be brought to a point, general," replied Heath. "Not a single man shall march from this post by my order."

"Then I will order them myself," growled General Lee.

"That makes a wide difference," was Heath's sullen reply. "You are my senior, but I have received positive written instructions from him who is superior to us both, and I will not myself break these orders!"

He produced Washington's letter of instructions, which Lee angrily glanced at, and handed back.

"The commander-in-chief is now at a distance, and does not know what is necessary as well as I do."

Heath made no reply.

"I request to see the return-book of your division."

Heath directed it to be brought, and, running his eye over it, Lee pointed to two regiments.

"You will order these regiments," he said to the staff-officer, "to march early to-morrow morning to join me."

Heath turned round furiously, and said to the officer:

"Issue such orders at your peril!"

He then addressed Lee:

"Sir, if you come to this post and mean to issue orders here which break the positive one I have received, I pray you do it completely yourself, and through your own deputy adjutant-general, who is present, and not draw me or any of my family in, as partners in the guilt!"

"Right," said Lee, addressing his own adjutant-general. "Do you issue the orders."

Heath, listening with indignation, said:

"I have one more request to make, sir, and that is, that you will be pleased to give me a certificate that you exercise command at this post, and order from it these regiments."

Lee hesitated—his adversary had forced upon him the direct issue. But he was too angry to hesitate. He took a pen and sheet of paper, sat down and wrote:

"For the satisfaction of General Heath, and at his request, I do certify that I am commanding officer, at this present writing, in this post, and that I have in that capacity ordered Prescott's and Wyllis's regiments to march."

To march—at the last moment this evasion was adopted. But even then the step was too hazardous. Lee spent the night—and night seemed to have brought reflection. On the next morning, he said carelessly to Heath:

"Upon further consideration I have concluded not to take the two regiments with me; you may order them to return to their former post."

He then mounted, and rode away to his own headquarters.

It was not until several days after this scene that General Lee crossed the Hudson, in consequence of new and urgent orders from Washington, and began a slow, laggard march towards the south.

On the way he wrote letters full of covert flings at the commander-in-chief. In one of these is the passage: "Theory joined to practice, or a heaven-born genius, can alone constitute a general. As to the latter, God Almighty indulges the modern world very rarely with the spectacle, and I do not know, from what I have seen, that He has been more profuse of this ethereal spirit to the Americans than to other nations."

While Lee was thus lagging, Washington, the subject of his criticism, was close pressed by Cornwallis; and trembling for the fate of Philadelphia, wrote repeatedly ordering and beseeching Lee to rejoin him.

"Do come on," he wrote. "Your arrival may be fortunate, and if it can be effected without delay, it may be the means of preserving a city whose loss must prove of the most fatal consequence to the cause of America."

Lee misapprehended this tone of considerate courtesy. He still dragged his steps along, indulging, it seems, the hallucination that he could effect something in the enemy's rear—a threat which Lord Cornwallis plainly treated with deserved indifference.

It was nearly the middle of December when Major-General Lee reached Basking Ridge, on the right flank and rear of the British forces, where he proceeded to halt, as usual.

Such was the state of affairs when I bore him the last dispatch written him by General Washington, delivering it to him as he came to me in his old blanket-coat and slippers.

CHAPTER VII.—THE CAPTURE.

THE country tavern where Major-General Lee had taken up his quarters was a long low building, surrounded by a paling fence, with several Lombardy poplars rising near—an unusual tree in that region.

The general stood at the door reading the dispatch with an air of extreme indifference; and then went back into the house without inviting me to come in—for, although a gentleman by birth, the famous soldier was not one in breeding, and rarely gave himself the trouble of treating anybody with courtesy.

As I was much fatigued, however, I entered without his invitation; and having procured some supper from the landlady, Mrs. White, was about to retire when I heard a growling voice from the main room say:

"Where is the officer who brought the dispatch?"

"Here, general," I said, entering the room; a plain apartment, with a long table in the centre, some rustic chairs, a wooden clock on the tall mantelpiece, and a fire burning on rude andirons.

Lee turned his head and greeted me with a stare, which was not very agreeable; I however waited in silence.

* General Heath was from the neighborhood of Boston—a brave and faithful gentleman, loving rural pursuits, but war more. When I knew him, about this time, he was forty or more, corpulent, of light complexion, and bald. He was said to bear a resemblance to the Marquis of Granby. Of his character, the incident I give will speak. The subordinates of Washington ranged themselves distinctly in two classes—the faithful and the unfaithful: Greene, Putnam, Schuyler, Cadwalader and others on one side; and Lee, Gates, Conway and Arnold on the other side. Heath belonged to the faithful class.

"What is the state of affairs yonder?"

I understood him to refer to the banks of the Delaware, and succinctly informed him of General Washington's situation, wondering a little that the dispatch had not sufficiently enlightened him.

"Humph!" he grunted. "The Jerseys are in the hands of the enemy."

I made no reply.

"Philadelphia is not the enemy's object, at present."

"It seems to be their object, general, beyond all question."

"Very well, sir; have it as you will. I will prepare a reply to General Washington's dispatch, and hand it to you in the morning."

I bowed and left the room, not ill-pleased to lose sight of that sardonic face; and as General Lee soon afterwards retired to his chamber, I returned to the main room, wrapped myself in my riding-cloak and lay down in front of the fire, whose warmth I preferred to a bed.

About four in the morning I was waked by the trample of hoofs in front of the house, and immediately started up, buckling on my sword.

"Is General Lee here?" asked a voice, which I recognized as that of Brigade-Major Wilkinson, of the northern forces. I opened the door, saluted the brigade major, who was accompanied by two or three other officers, and informed him that General Lee was in bed—pointing out the room, to which he proceeded. As the door of the chamber remained open, I heard the colloquy, which was brief on one side and gruff on the other—General Lee's voice being the gruff one.

Wilkinson informed him that he was marching with a detachment to join Washington; heard that he was behind the Delaware, and came to know what he should do. General Lee's response was that he had better go to sleep. He would give him instructions in the morning; and so the brigade major and his staff lay down in front of my fire, and we were soon wrapped in slumber again.

Lee did not come down until eight o'clock. He then made his appearance in the same old blanket-coat and slippers, his collar open, and his linen very much soiled. His personal bearing was perfectly in accordance with his costume—rough and "unkempt."

"Things are going on finely down yonder on the Delaware!" he growled in a sarcastic voice; "but who are these people?"

Some light-horsemen were seen in front of the tavern—Connecticut militia, with the somewhat unilitary addition to their uniform of large full-bottomed perukes. These perukes evidently excited Lee's derision. He burst into sarcastic laughter.

"What the d—l do you want?" he cried.

"To have my horse shod, sir," one said.

"And I want some forage."

"And I some provisions, sir. The commissary—"

"Curse the whole pack of you!" was the general's response. "Your wants are numerous, but you have not mentioned the last—you want to go home, and shall be indulged; for, d—n you, you do no good here!"

At this moment his adjutant-general entered, and asked if there were any orders to march. Lee made no reply for a moment. He then said:

"Have you a map?"

One was produced, and, laying it on the table, the general traced out with his finger the route by Somerset Court House to Princeton; then he came back and traced another route ending in Brunswick—in the enemy's rear.

"Move down towards Pluckemin," he said.

This was the last traced route, and in direct disobedience to General Washington's orders.

He then breakfasted at his leisure, making no changes in his toilet; rose, and began a letter to General Gates, to be forwarded by Wilkinson. Is the reader curious to know what he wrote? The letter has since been printed.

"There never was so d—d a stroke," he wrote, referring to the fall of Fort Mifflin, on the Hudson. "Entre nous, a certain great man is most damnably deficient. He has thrown me into a situation where I have my choice of difficulties"—the deficient great man being General Washington, who would seem to have made every exertion to extricate Lee from his difficulties. Lee had just finished his note, when all at once the tramp of hoofs was heard without, and Wilkinson, glancing through the window, cried:

"Here, sir, are the British cavalry!"

I looked and saw a squad of red troopers coming on at full gallop.

"Where?" cried Lee.

"They are all round the house!"

Lee started up, exclaiming:

"Where is the guard? D—n the guard! why don't they fire?"

"The enemy were now thundering to the door."

"Do see what has become of the guard!" exclaimed Lee, completely aroused to his danger.

They were already captured. Chilled by the frosty morning, they had stacked their arms, and gone to save themselves under shelter of an out-building, where they were all taken.

Meanwhile Mrs. White, the landlady, hastened in, and offered to conceal General Lee in a bed—a proposition which he rejected.

"If the general does not surrender in five minutes," cried a voice without, "I will set fire to the house!"

I had drawn my pistol, and stood with Wilkinson at the door—we determined to defend ourselves. But a single glance showed us that resistance would be unavailing, and we ran to the rear of the house, which at the moment was unguarded. Thence I gained a small stable, where my horse stood, saddled, by my order, early in the morning. As I leaped on his back, I heard a voice cry from the house:

"There is the general! He has surrendered!"

I did not wait for more, but plunging the spur into the sides of my animal, escaped at full speed, pursued by shots. I afterwards heard that the general had been betrayed by a Tory, who piloted the enemy to his quarters. He was placed on horseback by his captors—his head still bare, and wearing his old blanket-coat and slippers; and in this sorry plight was borne clattering off to the British camp.

I was meanwhile making my way at full speed towards the mountains, describing a circuit southward, to avoid the enemy.

Three hours afterwards I heard the far roll of cannon from the direction of the British encampment, and had no difficulty in conjecturing the meaning of that sound.

It was, indeed, an indication of the enemy's re-joining over the capture of one of the ablest—if not the most efficient and reliable—officers opposed to them in the American army.

CHAPTER VIII.—ON THE DELAWARE.

THE memories of a man participating in or observing a long series of events attach as closely to unimportant as to important scenes; and having given many pages recently to public affairs—the movements and operations of armies—

I should gladly descend now to lesser incidents, more personal and familiar than these. Yet this would seem to be the appropriate place for a brief account of the great transactions terminating the year '76, and heralding the year '77.

That Autumn and early Winter of '76 pressed heavily upon us. Washington had retreated across the Jerseys, and faced a triumphant enemy, having to oppose them a mere handful of half-clothed, and one-fourth fed, troops.

New York was lost; Philadelphia was in danger. General Howe, in his comfortable headquarters at New York, was waiting for the Delaware River to freeze in order to pass on the ice, and at one blow put an end to Washington.

That seemed easy. The recent heavy blows had shaken the whole framework of resistance. Men's hearts began to despond. The public pulse was low. Lee was captured, and Gates was covertly conspiring already to overthrow Washington. Want of money, want of food, want of hope—all descended, an incessant pressure as of some ponderous weight, on the broad shoulders of the commander-in-chief, who, like a new Atlas, seemed alone to hold up this world.

I look back often now, and muse upon the majestic composure and patience of this great man. Military critics deny him, I am informed, the first genius for arms; but what everywhere stands out in his history is something greater—the supreme calmness, persistence and courage of the man, which no disaster seemed strong enough to affect. It is good, not for one country only, but for the whole world, that such men should appear upon earth. This one, I am convinced, had not had, nor has had since, take him for all in all, his counterpart in history.

The course of General Gates alone would have produced an explosion of wrath in another. This officer was the friend and counterpart of Lee in this at least—that he too, was ever grasping at the truncheon of supreme command. He was a plausible and scheming soldier-courier, prone to plotting, and with the same aspirations towards the chief command.

This was now shown. Lee's troops marched to unite with the commander-in-chief, and the division of Gates also—but Gates himself was not with them. He was sick, he said, and required leave of absence to go to Philadelphia. It was soon seen, however, that Baltimore, to which Congress had removed, was his destination. And on the way he had the bad taste to openly satirize the conduct of General Washington. To remain on the Delaware, he declared, was a blunder. The enemy would cross below and seize Philadelphia. The army ought to retire behind the Susquehanna. It was his intention, he grandly added, "to propose this measure to Congress."

Another commander-in-chief would have arrested him, or directed him to return to his quarters. Washington permitted him to go on his way, ever-patient, majestic, uncomplaining, as with Lee. The American bided his time, and the foreign aspirants were allowed to play their parts to the end.

The last days of the year, and the first of the year '77, were to show where true soldiery lay; and vindicate the wisdom of the halt on the Delaware.

At Trenton a British advance force of about two thousand Hessians under Colonel Rahl lay facing Washington and ready to cross when the Delaware froze over.

The weather was intensely cold, for Christmas was approaching. The enemy in their comfortable quarters were carousing and enjoying themselves. Such was the state of affairs near Trenton when General Washington struck suddenly—both the enemy in his front, and those more dangerous enemies in the rear.

CHAPTER IX.—THE FATE OF OBERST RAHL.

THE Winter night had fallen, dark, lowering, with snow on the ground, and bitter cold. It was the night of the twenty-fifth of December, 1776; and in the shadowy wood skirting the west bank of the Delaware River, about nine miles above Trenton, Washington had drawn up a force of about two thousand four hundred men, ready to cross and make a night attack on the enemy.

It has been said that the night of Christmas had been selected in order to attack when the enemy were carousing; but such was not the fact. An earlier day had been fixed upon, but "we could not ripen matters for the attack before the time," Washington wrote.

The Marblehead fishermen were to move first; and Will Winthrop was waiting impatiently as I passed the regiment.

"A jolly night to cross the river, Cary!" he laughed, as he recognized me in the gloom.

"All days and nights are good to fight in, if we only succeed," I returned.

"You are right."

I was hastening on.

"A minute, Cary!" he said.

"You have something to say to me, Will?"

"One word."

He came up close to me.

"If I fall, tell—her—that I was thinking of her when I was shot."

"Her?"

"Nell—of course!"

And the gay young fellow went back to his company.

As he did so, the word was passed along the line that the boats were ready. A moment afterwards General Washington was seen riding along the front of the troops, his horse walking. His tall figure looked taller still in the dusky light of the dull sky.

He was near me when an officer galloped up, and I recognized Brigade-Major Wilkinson, who had secreted himself when the British dragoons captured General Lee, and afterwards escaped to Philadelphia. He stopped and saluted the commander-in-chief.

"I followed your Excellency," he said, "by the blood on the snow from your soldiers' feet."

Washington gravely inclined his head.

"I bring your Excellency a letter."

He drew it forth, and held it out.

"What a time is this to hand me letters!" came from Washington, in a deep tone—so solemn that it wellnigh made me start.

"I am charged by General Gates to convey this one to your Excellency."

"By General Gates! Where is he?" came in the same solemn tone.

"I left him this morning in Philadelphia."

"What was he doing there?"

"I understood him that he was on his way to Congress."

A deep silence followed these words. Then it was broken by the commander-in-chief.

"On his way to Congress!"

It is impossible to describe the tone with which these few words were uttered. I can only say that they seemed to contain whole volumes. They closed the interview. Wilkinson saluted and retired, evidently with no desire to prolong the scene, and the crossing immediately began.

It was a fearful night and scene. The river rushed on, dark, threatening, bearing along huge masses of ice which gnawed or crashed against the boats pushed on by vigorous oars. It had begun to

hail, and the stinging pellets were dashed by a freezing wind in the faces of the half-clad troops. Erect in the prow of the foremost boat, as it forged on, stood the commander-in-chief, looking calmly into the darkness. By the light of the torches I could clearly distinguish his face and figure. His expression was immovable in its august composure. His head was carried erect; one hand was thrust into the opening of his coat at the breast. If ever an historical painting is made of this great man, he should be portrayed as he appeared on this stormy night, standing erect at the boat's prow in the midst of the ice of the Delaware.

Landing safely, he took his post on the bank and saw that the troops were all over—including the artillery. He then gave his orders, hastened to the front, and towards daylight was advancing rapidly in two columns upon Trenton.

The night had grown terrible. The cold was intense, and the hail redoubled in violence. So bitter was the cold that I saw two men stagger and fall—frozen to death.

Worse still, the storm had rendered the priming of the guns useless, and General Sullivan sent an officer to inform Washington of the fact, and ask his orders. It was tampering with the lion when fully aroused.

"Return instantly, and tell General Sullivan to advance and charge!" burst from the commander-in-chief.

All pressed on, day came, and we were now near Trenton. By the roadside a man was cutting wood.

"Which way is the Hessian picket?" said Washington.

"I don't know," growled the man, in a sullen tone.

"You may tell," said an officer; "that is General Washington who is speaking to you."

The man dropped his ax and raised his hands.

"God bless and prosper you!" he cried. "The picket is in that house yonder, and the sentry stands near that tree."

The advance guard rushed upon the house, led by Captain Washington and Lieutenant Monroe—afterwards President of the United States.

"Der Feind! der Feind!—heraus! heraus!" came suddenly from the house, meaning, I believe, "Here is the enemy! Turn out! turn out!"

The alarm was given, and the column charged the town—Sullivan's guns on the right steadily closing in. The outposts were driven, and the columns rapidly converged upon the place. The enemy's drums were rousing, their bugles sounding, and the tramp of cavalry added to the confusion.

Washington advanced beside his artillery to the head of King Street, and commanded the fire in person, sitting his horse to the left of the guns. A roar followed, and the street was swept, but the enemy bravely resisted, and unlimbered two guns. Before they could fire, however, Captain Washington and Lieutenant Monroe charged and captured them—both officers receiving wounds in the charge.

The enemy fought hard, led recklessly by Colonel Rahl; but soon all was over. The two columns united; the Hessians broke in disorder, and endeavoring to retreat towards Princeton, were cut off by the Pennsylvania and Virginia troops sent to intercept them.

Utterly bewildered, apparently, they knew not what to do. They halted, and seemed to be forming line of battle.

"They have struck!" cried an officer near me.

"Struck!" Washington cried.

"Yes, sir; their colors are down!"

"So they are!"

With these words Washington galloped forward, his face glowing. All at once he drew rein.

A group of officers were assembled around a mortally wounded man, whom they were holding up.

"This is Colonel Rahl," said some one.

As his name was uttered, the dying man opened his eyes, and plainly recognized Washington, for he raised his sword, which he still held, and offered it to him. The commander-in-chief saluted gravely, gave brief orders that every care should be taken of him, and then hastened on.

The enemy were in full retreat, leaving nearly a thousand prisoners in the hands of the Americans. Such was the brief and striking action at Trenton.

The place had been captured, but it was impossible to hold it. The force at Princeton was too heavy. The Americans, therefore, returned and recrossed the Delaware, carrying with them their long line of prisoners, and the captured stores.

Before retreating General Washington went to visit the unfortunate Colonel Rahl, who had been kindly cared for by an excellent family of Quakers. The interview was an affecting one, I was informed by an officer who was present. The dying soldier, half reclining on a couch, seemed to appreciate the sympathy of his adversary, and to be resigned to his fate. He had been surprised, but had fought like the gallant soldier he was. On the next evening he died, and was buried in the graveyard of the Presbyterian church at Trenton.

"Sleep well, dear commander!" said an officer who loved him. "The Americans will hereafter set up a stone above thy grave with this inscription:

"Hier liegt der Oberst Rahl,
Mit ihm ist alles all!"
(Here lies the Colonel Rahl,
With him all is over!)

CHAPTER X.—PRINCETON.

A LAST brilliant scene was to wind up operations on the banks of the Delaware. Of this I shall speak briefly before passing to other events.

The blow struck at Trenton had changed the whole face of affairs. The despised Continentals had attacked and routed the Regulars; and in order to follow up his success, and reap the full benefit of it, General Washington, a week afterwards, recrossed the river, and threatened the main force at Princeton.

This was a more serious matter, and his challenge was promptly accepted. Lord Cornwallis marched on Trenton with a heavy column, and Washington fell back behind the Assapink, near the town, and formed line of battle.

A bridge was in his front, and the stream was fordable; but the American artillery swept the approaches, and drove back charge after charge—General Washington directing the fire, on his white horse, at the southern end of the bridge.

Night came, and the enemy had not been able to cross; but with his large force it was evident that the passage would be forced at dawn. Indeed, the British commander, when advised to renew the attack that night, is reported to have said:

"No; I shall be sure to bag the fox in the morning."

In the morning the fox, leaving a long line of camp-fires behind him, was nowhere to be seen.

Washington had come to a sudden and very bold resolution. His little force was in a situation so perilous that retreat was unavoidable, and yet, how to cross the Delaware, filled with floating ice, in face of the enemy? That was impossible, and a bold step was decided upon—to advance. By the "Quaker road," passing around the British left,

the Americans might gain their rear, and seize on Princeton, and even Brunswick. The plan was nearly desperate; but its very audacity recommended it—and, silently decamping, the Americans marched rapidly by the hidden road towards Princeton.

The movement was critical, but proved a perfect success.

General Mercer, mounted on his fine gray horse, led the advance, composed of the first young gentlemen of Philadelphia, and the Delaware and Maryland youths who had fought so bravely on Long Island. Washington followed with the main body—the long night passed—the morning came—and Lord Cornwallis in front of the dying camp-fires at Trenton first ascertained that "the fox" had disappeared by the thunder of the American cannon in his rear.

In the suburbs of Princeton General Washington had come on the enemy's rear guard, and attacked it without delay. The fight was hot, and the brave Mercer led his men like some paladin of the old romances, reckless of his life.

I was near him when his gray was shot and wounded. Mercer leaped to the ground, and waving his sword, rushed in front of his line. It was reeling to and fro—the enemy had charged with the bayonet—and I was within ten feet of the general when I saw a British soldier club his musket and strike him on the head.

The blow would have felled an ox. Mercer fell, but started up, slashing right and left with his broadsword. His hour had come, however. I saw him standing for moment at bay; then a dozen of the enemy rushed upon him—the last I saw of him, the men were stabbing him with their bayonets, and the whole piteous scene disappeared in the cannon-smoke.

As their general fell, the troops gave way, and the day seemed lost. The whole field was one great mass of confused adversaries fighting desperately, but it was the enemy who were pressing us, at the point of the bayonet.

I was retreating like the rest, defending myself with my sword, when a loud cheer rang through the field and the men faced about. At the same moment the martial figure of Washington, mounted, on his white horse, emerged from the smoke, and he came at full gallop to the front. He had his hat in his hand, and waved it around his head, cheering and calling on the men to rally. I could see a dozen of the enemy's marksmen take aim at him and fire, and a battery was sweeping the field with grape-shot—his death seemed inevitable. Already the day seemed lost. Suddenly came the thought, "With the fall of this man, the cause of America falls too," and, dropping my bridle on my horse's neck, I covered my eyes with my hat, not to see him as he fell.

No bullet struck the martial figure, however; and a loud cheer from the Pennsylvanians and the Seventh Virginia regiment rang out clear and defiant. As it rose it was echoed by the sudden thunder of one of our batteries. The lines reformed; a column attacked the enemy in flank; and by magic as it were the whole aspect of affairs was reversed. The British fell back fighting hard, and Washington in front of his line; with his hat off, led the attack.

"Thank God your Excellency is safe!" cried an officer, galloping up to him.

"Away, my dear colonel, and bring up the troops!" he replied, with a martial glow in his face. "The day is ours!"

The day was indeed decided. The enemy were retreating in every direction, with the Americans pursuing them closely, and Princeton was in the hands of General Washington.

He pursued for some miles, but then halted, and held a council of war on horseback, his officers grouped around him. Should he press on to Brunswick and capture the stores there? It seemed possible, and it was hard to resist the tempting prize. But the troops were worn out—Lord Cornwallis was hurrying back to throw himself upon the weary handful; it was determined to relinquish the idea of advancing upon Brunswick, and retire.

This was accordingly done. Turning into a narrow road leading northwest towards Pluckemin, Washington steadily rested, destroying the bridges behind him, and was soon in safety with his weary men at Morristown.

So ended the campaigns of the eventful year '76. Retreating hotly pursued, with his ill-clad handful, across the Delaware, the American general had suddenly turned like some dangerous wild animal on his pursuers, stunning them so heavily at Trenton and Princeton that they gave up the hunt.

(To be continued.)

Absinthe a Poison.

A FRENCH commission, consisting of three experts, Messrs. Boudet, Dubail and Adrian, has just made a report to the Pharmaceutical Society, in which, after reviewing all of the methods employed in the manufacture of absinthe, and the great loss of life entailed by its use in France and the colonies, they recommend that this article be included under the list of poisons, and that its sale be interdicted excepting by pharmacists, on prescription of a physician. They think its sale should be visited with heavy penalties, and that every effort should be made to break up the indulgence in an article possessing such poisonous properties. It is not the absinthe alone that proves so dangerous, but the inordinate consumption of alcohol that accompanies it. Some inebriates have been known to take thirty glasses of absinthe every day, the greater part of which is absolute alcohol, and thus the danger is largely increased. It is thus practically shown that the pleasant flavor of the absinthe induces persons to consume twenty times as much alcohol as they would be likely to do if their drinking was confined to brandy or eau de vie. Absinthe was almost unknown, except as a medicinal agent, before the Algerian expedition, under the reign of Louis Philippe. In Oran and Constantine fever made sad havoc in the ranks of the army, and the doctors recommended the soldiers to mix absinthe, which is the bitter extract of wormwood, with their wine, as a preservative against miasmata, in lieu of quinine, which was too costly to be generally distributed. During the whole of the campaign the army drank this mixture, and also mixed absinthe with their brandy. The habit was retained by the troops after their return to France, and the liquor now known as absinthe first became a popular drink in Marseilles. Thence it advanced slowly throughout France, and has finally become the favorite drink of the country, though its effects upon the health, and especially upon the brain, are of the most deleterious character. In Cayenne, New Caledonia, and other French colonies, its consumption is very great. There the colonists drink it undiluted in excessive quantities, and its consequence has been a frightful increase in the rates of mortality. As a means of sure and speedy suicide, absinthe is scarcely excelled by strychnine.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE COMMISSIONERS for the Exhibition of 1881 have lent their western galleries, in Prince Albert Road, to the Department of Science and Art of the International Exhibition of Scientific Apparatus, which is to be opened on the 1st of April next.

AN INTERESTING RELIC of pre-historic London, the massive lower jaw-bone of a hippopotamus, with its tusks and teeth, lately exhumed from a depth of forty feet, was exhibited at the rooms of the British Archaeological Association, on the 2d of February.

M. OTTO HAUMERLE, of South Austria, has invented an ingenious contrivance for transporting live fish over considerable distances. His apparatus consists of a caulk upon wheels in which the fish are placed, the water which it contains being aerated by two force-pumps, operated by the rear wheels of the wagon as they revolve. The connections with the pump-pistons are spiral springs or elastic bands, so that no injury can result from jolting.

THE "AUSTRALIAN STATISTIC" for the year 1874 has been received. We find from this that the population of Australia in that year amounted to 1,753,403 persons, while that of Tasmania was 104,197, and that of New Zealand amounted to 318,903. The *Statistical Register* of the colony of Victoria, which accompanies this report, gives a very full account of the exports and imports of the year, and much information respecting the growth of trade for the last eleven years.

WATER-TIGHT PAPER.—A neat way to prepare water-tight paper, suitable for wrappings and for artificial flowers, is to make a concentrated solution of borax in warm water, and then dissolve in this a small quantity of shellac. Dip the paper in this, and when dry it will resemble parchment. Aniline colors can be stirred in of any desirable shade, and thus a capital material for artificial flowers will be produced. There are a good many other applications which will suggest themselves for this paper, and as any one can make it, it is likely to come into extensive use.

COMPOSITION OF THE TOUCHSTONE.—For a long time the touchstone has been used to determine approximately the fineness of gold. It was described by Theophrastus 350 years before the Christian Era, and Agricola mentions it in his "De Re Metallica"; but notwithstanding all this previous use, the true composition of the stone has remained a mystery. M. E. Dumas, Assayer at the Mint in Paris, has made a complete analysis of the mineral, and finds that its constituents are numerous, though the principal one is silica. The following is the result of his analysis: Silica, 84.40; alumina, 5.237; oxide of iron, 1.15; lime, 0.43; magnesia, 0.13; potash, 0.69; soda, 1.70; lithium, a trace; phosphoric acid, 0.05; sulphur, 0.60; water, 0.70; nitrogen, 0.19; hydrogen, 0.09; carbon, 4.37; loss in the analysis, 0.25; total, 100.

DESILVERIZATION OF ARGENTIFEROUS ZINC.—The desilverization process introduced by Parkes in 1850, but subsequently neglected in consequence of the difficulty of recovering the metallic zinc so as to be re-employed in a continuous process, has been again brought into operation at Tarnowitz, Silesia. The argentiferous zinc crust is now allowed to cool in an iron basin, then placed in the liquating furnace, where, by gentle heating, with full access of air, it is deprived of the greater part of its lead. By this means the zinc is thoroughly oxidized and converted into the so-called zinc dust, which is then distilled between layers of powdered coke, with the production of metallic zinc, free from silver, on the one hand, together with a residue containing the whole of the silver, along with any lead remaining in the zinc dust.

A SCHOOL FOR SUGAR INDUSTRY.—The manufacture of sugar on the Continent of Europe has reached such proportions, that it has been decided to found a school for the special education of experts in this line of business. The school is to be opened in April of this year, at Brunswick, Germany, and offers the following plan of instruction: 1. Natural Philosophy; 2. Chemistry; 3. Engineering; 4. Instructions to Cultivate Beet-root; 5. Manures; 6. Projection Drawing; 7. Architecture and Machine Drawing; 8. Computation of Bodies; 9. Arithmetic; 10. Bookkeeping and Counting-house Routine; 11. Sugar Duty Legislation; 12. Insurance Business; 13. Excursions to Different Factories. All of this is to be supplemented by extensive practice in laboratories and sugar-refineries, until the pupil acquires a thorough knowledge of all branches of the subject.

MR. J. W. CLARKE has been following up Mr. Darwin's experiments on the digestion of animal substances by the leaves of certain plants, and has devised an ingenious method of proving the comparatively rapid absorption of the food by the plant. He soaked the bodies of flies in lithium citrate, taking care that none of the salt touched any other part of the plant than the leaf. After a period of about forty-eight hours the leaf-stalks were burnt and treated by means of the spectroscopic for lithium. A perceptible quantity was found, proving that the leaf does actually absorb and digest. Mr. C. Ricly finds two insects which are proof against the digestive powers of the pitcher-plant *Sarracenia*. One, a small moth, lays its eggs within the pitcher, the young caterpillars weave a web and feed on the leaf. Another, a fly, drops its larvae into the pitcher-like leaf, where they feed on the decaying remains of other insects, and finally burrow through the bottom of the pitcher into the ground, where they undergo their transformation into the perfect insect.

ACTION OF COMPRESSED AIR ON RESPIRATION AND FERMENTATION.—It has been shown by experience in the caissons of the Brooklyn and St. Louis bridges that compressed air has a bad effect upon the workmen. The great excess of oxygen acts as a poison. M. Bert has been conducting some experiments to determine the effect of compressed air upon fermentation, and he finds that vinous fermentation and putrefaction are delayed in the caisson while the organic change usually referred to distaste is not affected. This observation appears to point out a way for the study of true fermentation as distinguished from the process of organic change or germination. M. Bert has lately received from the Institute of France the munificent prize of 20,000 francs for his physiological experiments and discoveries. Respiration has been the subject of his patient researches. Lavoisier gave to respiration its true significance when he established the fact that it consisted in the consumption of oxygen and the production of carbonic acid; M. Bert has fully demonstrated that these chemical combinations take place not only in the lungs, but in all the tissues.

DUST FROM OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.—The color of the sky is said to be due to the transmission of rays of light through a cloud of dust which collects above the earth. Professor Nordenskiöld examined the snow which covered the icebergs as far north as 80°, and found it strewn with a multitude of minute black particles, spread over the surface or situated at the bottom of little pits, a great number of which were seen on the outward layer of snow. Many of such particles were also lodged in the inferior strata. This dust, which became gray on drying, contained a large proportion of metallic particles attracted by the magnet, and capable of decomposing sulphate of copper. An observation made a little later upon other icebergs proved the presence of similar dust in a layer of granular crystalline snow situated beneath a stratum of light fresh, another of hardened, snow. Upon analysis this matter was found to be composed of metallic iron, phosphorus, cobalt, and fragments of diatomaceæ. It bears the greatest analogy to the dust previously collected by the professor on the snows of Greenland, and described by him under the name of "kryokonite."

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

HON. JOHN LETCHER, ex-Governor of Virginia, was stricken with paralysis last week.

THE PRINCESS LOUISA has been re-elected President of the Woman's Educational Union of London.

THE KHÉDIVE has accepted an honorary fellowship of the Russian Imperial Geographical Society.

COUNT OULTEBENT, the Belgian Centennial Commissioner, now in Philadelphia, is son-in-law of the King of Belgium.

MISS FRANCES BROWNLOW, daughter of the famous "Parson," was married to George G. Latta, at Knoxville, last week.

THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT have notified Dr. Schliemann that he will not be permitted to continue his excavations in the Troad.

QUEEN VICTORIA will make another departure on the 25th—leaving England for a visit to her daughter, the Crown-Princess of Germany, at Berlin.

MISS THOMPSON is engaged on a splendid picture for the Centennial Grounds. Gossip says that she only received \$500 for her celebrated painting of "The Roll Call."

MADAME DE STEUR, daughter of John Carey, Jr., and granddaughter of the late William B. Astor, is now living at the Hague, where her husband is chamberlain to the Queen.

WHEN Ralph Waldo Emerson was pastor of the old "Cockrel" Church on Hanover Street, Boston, Charlotte Cushman directed the choir, and the late Henry Clapp superintended the Sunday school.

THE HON. J. L. MOTLEY has been invited to attend a *fête* in honor of the patriots of the sixteenth century, which is to be given in Belgium next year in connection with the Rubens Tercentenary.

MADAME MICHELET, widow of the French philosopher, has won her suit for permission to bury the remains of her husband where she chooses, and they will be interred in Père-la-Chaise Cemetery.

SIR GEORGE ELLIOTT, who purchased the Egyptian railways for English capitalists, was once a pit-boy in the mines. He is now the largest coal proprietor in the world, and a Member of Parliament.

MR. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ has been elected honorary member of the Zoological Society of London, the Linnean Society of London, and the Imperial Society of Natural History of Moscow, in each instance to succeed his distinguished father.

UPON her recovery from the measles, a congratulatory reception was given Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, at the Hotel Basilewski, Paris, and it was noticed that the most obsequious of the prominent political and royal personages present was the Duke de Montpensier, who has long tried to induce King Alfonso to marry his daughter.

PROFESSOR TENNANT, mineralogist to Queen Victoria, has just furnished a full description of the imperial state crown. He summarizes the jewels as follows: One large ruby, irregularly polished, one broad-spread sapphire, sixteen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four rubies, 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, four drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls. The crown was made in 1838 with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty.

THAT moss-covered story about the conjugal unhappiness of the Duchess of Edinburgh has been revived again, *apropos* of the departure of the Duke on the 1st of April next for a few years' naval cruise. His wife is to go to Russia for a few months, and people are curious to know why she does not accompany the sailor-prince and enjoy herself at the various health resorts on the Mediterranean coast. All the stock at Eastwell Park is being sold, the servants are being discharged, and the palace itself will be closed entirely.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA does not appear to meet entire success in his attempts to introduce certain adjuncts of civilization to his kingdom. During his visit to Europe he first saw postage stamps, which seemed to him so admirable that he ordered a large number printed in Paris to be sent to Teheran; but, as Persia has no post-offices, they have not proved eminently useful. A mint with all the machinery for coining money, and an elegant English carriage for the ladies of his harem, were sent by sea to Bushire, and from thence to the capital by a caravan, but at last accounts were stuck fast in a mountain-pass about a hundred miles from Bushire.

THE many friends of Miss Clara Morris will be pained to learn that she is dangerously sick. The old affection of the spine is supplemented by a disorder of the lungs. She cannot speak aloud except for a few moments at a time. It is very unlikely that she will soon, if ever, again appear on the stage, the attending physicians regarding her ailments as chronic. She has learned a part in an unproduced play—"Wife, Queen and Mother"—also invested a large amount of money in elaborate dresses for it, and her illness is therefore doubly depressing to her. Upon a success in this piece she based enthusiastic hopes of achieving reputation in something dissimilar to the parts in which she has generally appeared.

THE HON. ELI P. NORTON, Solicitor of the United States Court of Claims under President Johnson, who died of starvation in Washington on the 28th ult., after being impoverished through ill-fortune, was well known for the past ten or twelve years in this city, where he took part in politics while following the profession of law. Many of his numerous friends have been shocked by learning the circumstances of his death. He was a man of unusually strong, clear and well-trained mind, with finely cultivated literary tastes, and remarkable for his activity, industry and energy. One of his marked traits was his personal independence, and he carried this so far that he refrained from letting his friends in this city know of the circumstances to which he had been reduced some time before his decease. He deliberately chose death by starvation, says a Washington paper, rather than appear as a mendicant or a borrower.

THE town of Puerto Plata, San Domingo, surrendered to General Luperon early in February last. This was a portion of a revolutionary scheme managed by Luperon to overthrow the government of President Gonzalez. The insurgent soldier is simply performing his old tricks, either precipitating, or participating in, organized riots. Since Sir Francis Drake burned the city of San Domingo, in 1586, there has been a continuous course of revolutions on the island itself, as well as in Hayti. On the 1st of June, 1869, Luperon appeared off the coast with an armed steamer, the *Telegrafo*, and on the 8th opened fire on Samana and effected a landing. President Baez had but a few days before received the submission of Cabral, another insurgent chief, and his predecessor in the Presidential chair. Hearing of Luperon's movements, Cabral almost immediately headed an outbreak in the interests, ostensibly, of Luperon, but really to regain the Presidential office from which Baez had driven him in February, 1868. In December, 1869, Baez leased the harbor of Samana Bay to the United States, against the protests of both Cabral and Luperon, who soon after took the field and conducted operations in such a manner as to give Cabral control of all the southern portion of San Domingo, containing about 40,000 persons. Even under the "protection" of American naval vessels, Baez was unable to hold his seat, and gave way, in a revolution, to Gonzalez, who will probably soon succumb to Luperon.

SOUTHERN STATES INDUSTRIAL AND AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION.

UNDER the auspices of the Mechanics' and Agricultural Fair Association of Louisiana, and a Board of Special Commissioners representing all the Southern States, the Republic of Mexico and the States of Central America, a Southern States Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition was opened at the Fair Grounds, New Orleans, on Saturday, February 26th, with an address by the Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, ex-Governor of Indiana and ex-United States Senator. A World's Pigeon-shooting Tournament was held in the morning on one portion of the grounds, the opening exercise proper taking place in the afternoon.

The city wore its brightest attire throughout the duration of the Exposition, and was crowded with visitors attracted both by the industrial display and the incidents of the annual visit and receptions of Rex, King of the Carnival.

The Exposition was opened to the world, and the premium list covered all articles contemplated in the general design of an agricultural and industrial exhibition, including a special premium list for all strictly Southern products and Southern manufactures. One of its most important features was the Mexican and Central American Department, special efforts having been made to secure a full exhibition from those countries.

The Fair Grounds are generally acknowledged to be the handsomest in the United States, comprising 120 acres, shaded by a beautiful grove of live-oaks, and comprising gardens and conservatories which are the wonder of strangers who visit New Orleans. The buildings and improvements upon the grounds are of the most substantial character, and comprise the "Art Hall," a brick and stone edifice two stories in height, two hundred feet long and ninety-five feet wide, with a handsome projecting Gallery of thirteen feet, extending seventy-eight feet in length, and facing the arena.

The Grand Stand, facing the arena, was completed three years ago, at a cost of over \$30,000, and is of the most substantial character and design. The stables and stock-pens are all built in the most approved style.

The grandeur of the plan, and the immense benefits to be derived therefrom, are objects of congratulation to all concerned, and the thought of inviting the co-operation of Mexico, Central America and the States of South America was a most felicitous one, as it has brought the Southern people into closer communication with a people who have too long been almost strangers to them, although almost neighbors, and at the same time it was the means of creating a more earnest labor for the development of the vast resources known to exist in most of the States.

The Executive Committee was composed of gentlemen of the highest prominence in the industrial, commercial and financial circles of the South, who rapidly completed the arrangements for a most worthy exposition.

HON. I. N. MARKS, President of the Fair Association, one of the most prominent citizens of New Orleans, and widely known throughout the Southern States, was born at Charleston, S. C., May 5th, 1817. At the age



CARY OF HUNSDON.—BRINGING GENERAL WASHINGTON'S DISPATCH TO MAJOR-GENERAL LEE.
SEE PAGE 26.

of nineteen he removed to New Orleans and has resided in that city since then, greatly esteemed by all classes of his fellow-citizens, both for his private and his public virtues. He is President of the Board of Fire Commissioners; President of the New Orleans, Florida and Havana Steamship Company; President of the Firemen's Insurance Company, and President of the Mutual Aid and Benevolent Life Association.

SAMUEL MULLEN, Esq.—Mr. Mullen, General Superintendent of the Exposition until quite recently, was Secretary of the Merchants' Exchange at New Orleans. He was born in Indiana, March 18th, 1845, and removed to New Orleans shortly after the war. He presents a practical illustration of the regard which the Southern people have for those men from the North who went among them as workers and builders, and not as politicians. When the Exposition was projected he was unanimously selected by the Commissioners to carry out the project in accordance with his own ideas and plans. The activity and ability displayed by him in the conduct of the enterprise gave assurance of its complete success.

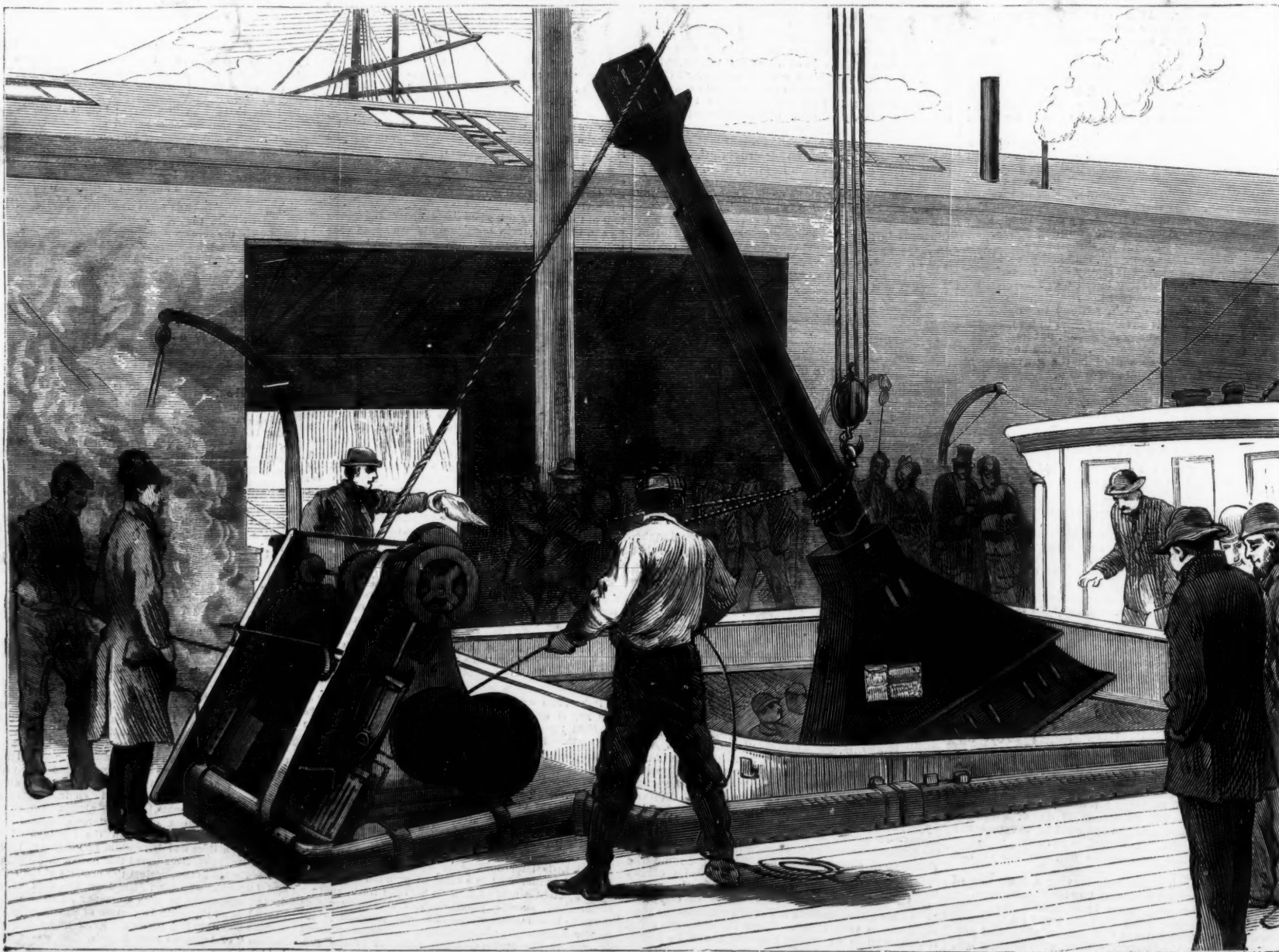
ARRIVAL OF FOREIGN GOODS FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

UNLOADING STEAMERS AT PHILADELPHIA.

WHEN Colonel John W. Forney, who has just returned home, left this country, on July 16th, 1874, principally to devote himself to the cause of the Centennial, and to arouse among foreign nations an interest in the International Exhibition, the apathy in regard to the movement that existed, even among our own people, was infinitely more marked among our transatlantic cousins. Thanks to his exertions, however, an interest was awakened that will, no doubt, result in a display of foreign goods at our Centennial more varied and valuable in many respects than the displays at any former world's fair.

The first arrival of foreign goods for the Centennial consisted of 4,000 tiles for the British building, which reached Philadelphia on the steamer *Kenilworth*, of the American line, October 18th, 1875. This collection was soon followed by the goods from Egypt, Japan, Sweden and Norway, and now scarcely a day goes by but some vessel lands at our shores valuable articles for the Great Exhibition. The latest arrivals are the steamers *Indiana* and *Lord Clive*, from Liverpool, and the *Vaderland*, from Antwerp, all of which reached Philadelphia on Tuesday, February 29th.

The unloading of these vessels at Christian Street wharf is the subject of our artist's sketch. The scene selected is on board the *Vaderland*, while a portion of the Belgian goods were being taken out. In the invoice were eighty-one packages of heavy machinery, and many bulky cases of furniture, plate-glass, etc. Some of the pieces weighing from five to six tons, the rigging used in unloading had to be of the most substantial character. The cords and tackle, pulleys, spars and beams crossed and mingled in a manner that told of strength and power, but seemed to the uninitiated like an inextricable tangle. But each rope ran

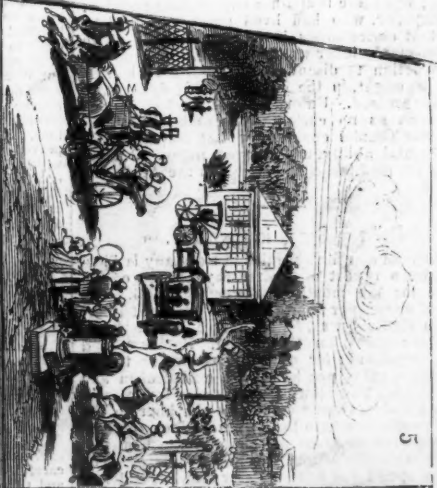
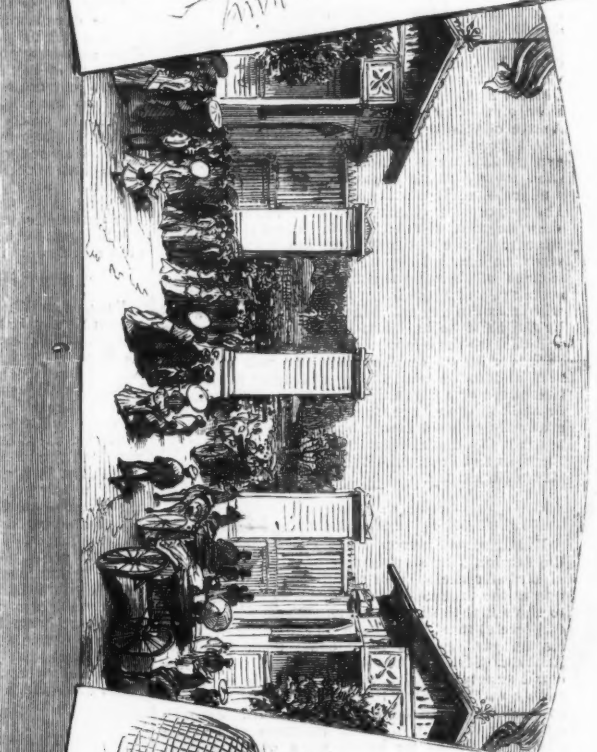
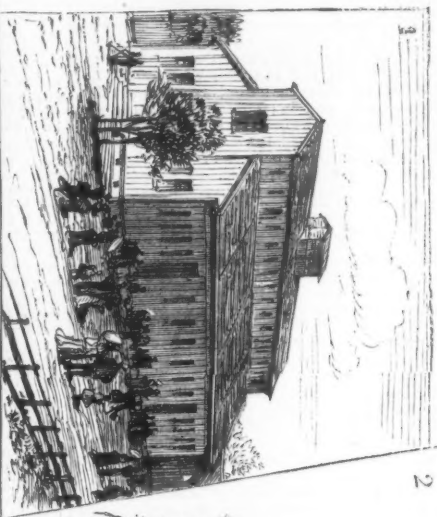
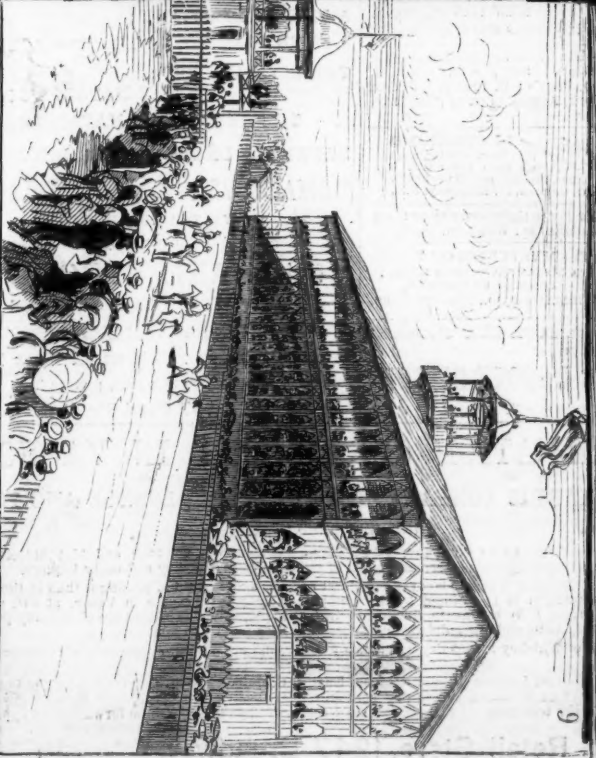
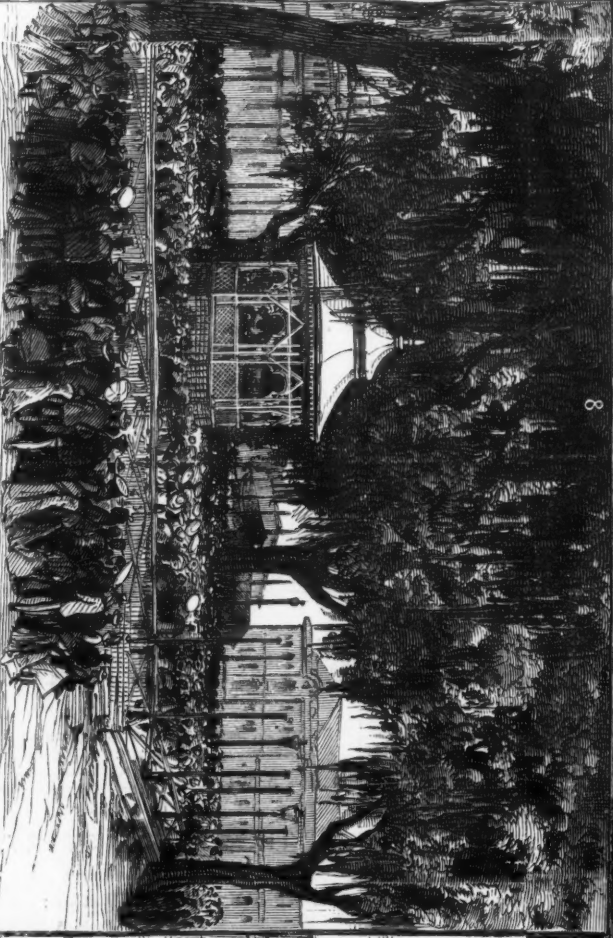


PHILADELPHIA, PA.—UNLOADING FROM THE "VADERLAND" OF A PORTION OF THE MACHINERY FOR THE BELGIAN DEPARTMENT AT THE CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

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1. Industrial Hall. 2. Hon. I. N. Marks, President of the Board of Directors of the Fair Association. 3. Main Entrance to the Fair Grounds. 4. Samuel Mullen, General Superintendent. 5. Entrance to the Garden. 6. General View of the State Fair Grounds. 7. The Art Hall. 8. Orchestra Stand under the Oaks. 9. Grand Stand of the Louisiana Jockey Club. LOUISIANA—THE SOUTHERN STATES AGRICULTURAL AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEW ORLEANS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. LILIENTHAL.



smoothly and surely on its errand; each man of the well-trained band of stevedores stood at his post, and worked as regularly as artillerymen at field-practice, and the skill and speed with which the goods were taken from the ship was truly wonderful. Far down in the hold of the ship men are busy bringing from dark nooks and corners the huge packages; deftly they bind them with ropes; the signal is given, and the man who stands behind the winch, at each hatch, starts the valve which sets it in motion; quickly the burden is brought to the deck, where it is seized and hooked to the landing-tackle and swung ashore. The goods are immediately placed in cars that run direct to the Centennial Grounds.

A LION-TAMER'S PERIL.

THE *Journal du Havre* recounts a terrible encounter between the lion-tamer Bidel and a number of wild beasts. Bidel's custom was to go into the cage of these ferocious animals, accompanied by a sheep, which was by his presence kept safe from attack. On a recent occasion he proceeded to the lion's cage, and his first act was to place the sheep on the back of a lioness, as he had frequently done before. No sooner had he accomplished this than a powerful lion sprang upon the poor sheep, and buried his teeth deep into its body. There was a large number of spectators present, and, as may be imagined, the sudden act of the lion created an instant and general panic. Bidel stepped forward, and with the utmost coolness struck the lion a blow on the mouth with a heavy stick, which made him crouch and yell with pain, and throw his bleeding victim trembling at the feet of the courageous performer. In another moment, however, all the wild beasts were lashed into fury by the sight of the blood, and no one in the assembly believed that Bidel could possibly escape. Preserving his presence of mind, however, he kept the other animals at bay until he had subdued the lion and chased him back to his cage. He then fought his way back through the other animals, and amidst the bravos of the assembly came out triumphantly, carrying his wounded sheep with him. The poor animal, which was a great favorite of the lion-tamer, has since died of its wounds.

How Monkeys are Captured.

MONKEYS are pretty common, yet as all the family are remarkably cunning, has it ever occurred to the reader how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion, and the famished monarch will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The ape family resembles man. Their vices are human. They love liquor, and fall. In Darfour and Senar the natives make a fermented beer, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the parts of the forest frequented by the monkeys, and set on the ground calabashes full of the enticing liquor. As soon as the monkey sees and tastes it, he utters loud cries of joy that soon attract his comrades. Then an orgie begins, and in a short time they all show degrees of intoxication. Then the negroes appear. Some of the drinkers are too far gone to distrust them, but apparently take them for larger species of their own genus. The negroes take some up, and these begin to weep and cover them with maudlin kisses. When the negro takes one by the hand to lead him off, the nearest monkey will cling to the one who thus finds a support, and endeavor to go on also. Another will clutch at him, and so on until the negro leads a staggering line of ten or a dozen tipsy monkeys. When finally brought to the village, they are securely caged and gradually sobered down; but for two or three days a gradually diminishing supply of liquor is given them, so as to reconcile them by degrees to their state of captivity.

A Protest Against Murderous Fashion.

MR. ALFRED NEWTON writes a striking protest to the *London Times* against the wholesale slaughter of birds for the sake of ornamental feathers. He quotes the proceedings of a single sale of feathers, to show that to supply that sale alone 9,700 herons (or egrets) must have been destroyed. All these feathers are said to have come from India last Autumn. Mr. Newton observes that no country could supply 10,000 herons in a single breeding-season without nearly rooting out the stock. Moreover, 15,000 humming-birds and upwards were included in the sale, of which 740 were of a single kind. As far as we know, none of these birds really diminish the stock of food available for man, so that in destroying them for mere show, we empty the world absolutely of a certain portion of its beauty and happiness—while the beauty is certainly by no means made up in the ornamentation of feminine toilets which are thus procured. In this age of fine moralities, does no one really bestow a thought on the morality of such reckless spoliation of life as this?

Napoleon III. and his Caricatures.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Liverpool Daily Post* tells a story of the late Emperor Napoleon which looks true—it is so strangely characteristic of him. It was his chief amusement during his late illness to muse over a collection of the caricatures of himself which had been published during his reign and after his fall. The writer thinks he was so miserable, that he found pleasure only in nursing his sorrow; but there is another explanation possible. The emperor, who had lived much with artists, knew that caricaturists, if numerous, rarely fail to catch a man's inner weakness, and was studying the collection to discover the quality in himself which he ought, in the interest of his dynasty, to have suppressed. Unfortunately, his first defects were such as no caricaturist catches. Neither Cham nor Tenniel could show that Napoleon disliked mental ability, and enjoyed before all indulgences the meditative inertia which the Arabs call *kef*.

Railway Speed in Germany.

THE speed of railway trains in Germany is illustrated by a report of the railway bureau of the Empire for the month of December, 1875. The greatest speed per hour, including stops at intermediate stations, was, for express and fast trains, thirty-four miles on the Berlin, Potsdam and Magdeburg Road; for ordinary passenger trains, twenty-five miles per hour on the Maerchen and Posen Road. The slowest speed was, for express and fast trains, twenty-one miles per hour on the East Prussia Southern Road; for ordinary passenger train, sixteen miles per hour on the Ermsthal and the Cromberg Roads of Wurtemberg. The average speed per hour was, for express and fast trains, twenty-eight miles; for ordinary passenger trains, twenty-one miles. This estimate is for the whole Empire, except Bavaria.

FUN.

AN EXEMPLARY SCHOOLMASTER.—It was his prejudice to prefer one slip of olive to a whole grove of birch.

A SANITARY AIR.—The air of France! nothing to the air of England. That goes ten times as far—it must, for it is ten times as thick.

A THOUGHTFUL boy, upon whose shoulders his mother was expressing her resentment with both slippers, felt too proud to cry, and kept up his courage by repeating to himself: "Two soles that beat as one!"

THERE is no whet to the appetite like early dew; nothing for the stomach like grass and wild-flowers, taken with a fasting eye at five in the morning. It was Adam's own salad, and that is why he lived to nine hundred and thirty.

AN old lady was in the habit of talking to her friends in a gloomy, depressing manner, presenting only the sad side of life. "Hang it," said one, after a long and sombre interview, "she wouldn't allow there was a bright side to the moon!"

"THE boy at the head of the class will state what were the dark ages of the world?" Boy hesitates. "Next, Master Biggs, can you tell me what the dark ages were?" "I guess they were the ages before spectacles were invented." "Go to your seats."

"HAVE you seen the wife of poor Augustus?" a gentleman asked Douglas Jerrold, referring to a friend. "No; what's the matter?" "Why, I can assure you, she's a complete wreck." "Then I suppose," replied Jerrold, "he'll be the jolly-boat to put off from here."

A FELLOW of the COLLEGE of QUACKS.—His patient dies. What says the quack? "Diet of course. He took my pills, but forgot the great principle: he didn't take enough." "Enough, doctor. Why he took—yes, five hundred." "What of that! He should have taken a thousand." "Now I think again, it was—yes, it was a thousand he took." "Only one thousand; only one! If he had really wished to recover, he should have taken two!"

YOU will hear a good lowly creature sing the praises of pure water—call it the wine of Adam when he walked in Paradise—when, somehow, fate has bestowed upon the eulogist the finest Burgundy. He declares himself contented with a crust, although a beneficent fairy has hung a fat haunch or two in his larder. Now, is it not delightful to see these humble folk, who tune their tongues to the honor of dry bread and water, compelled, by the gentle force of fortune, to chew venison and swallow claret?

WHERE DOES IT ALL COME FROM?

PINTS and quarts of filthy Catarrhal discharges. Where does it all come from? The mucous membrane which lines the chambers of the nose, and its little glands, are diseased, so that they draw from the blood its liquid, and exposure to the air changes it into corruption. This life-liquid is needed to build up the system, but it is extracted, and the system is weakened by the loss. To cure, gain flesh and strength by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which also acts directly upon these glands, correcting them, and apply Dr. Sage's Catarrhal Remedy with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, the only method of reaching the upper cavities, where the discharge accumulates and comes from. The instrument and both medicines sold by druggists and dealers in medicines.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.—THE MEANS BY WHICH EVERY LADY MAY BECOME HER OWN DRESS-MAKER.—Our new Catalogue of Fall and Winter Fashions is now ready, and contains a rare and beautiful selection of the latest and most acceptable designs for every department of Ladies', Misses', Children's and Youths' Garments, which will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp, post free. Address, "FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL CUT PAPER PATTERN DEPARTMENT, 298 Broadway, New York City." Also, our large and complete Catalogue, neatly printed on tinted paper, and containing over one hundred pages of illustrated fashions, may be procured at any of our agencies, or at the above address. Price, for paper covers, 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents, post-paid. Our handsome Fashion-plate, which is also at hand, reproduces the most elegant Ladies' and Children's costumes for the coming season. Every dressmaker and milliner should avail herself of this splendid opportunity to obtain a truthful and correct idea of the most practical styles, and also of the prevailing shades and colors. Will be mailed to any address for 50 cents in black, and \$1 if colored.

The "Mainstay" Wheat

Is a new variety of White Wheat, possessing very valuable characteristics; it was selected and propagated by the grower, Captain Delf, Great Bentley, Colchester, England, in 1869, and has been carefully cultivated since. The quality of this grain is very fine, white and transparent; it is held in high estimation by millers; produce of flour in 1874, eighty-two per cent. The "Mainstay" has been tested year by year by the side of other descriptions of fine White Wheat, Essex Rough Chaff, etc., and has always maintained a great superiority in quality and quantity. It thrives strongly, grows a hardy, stout-jointed straw, has the property of resisting unfavorable influences of rapid alternation of temperature, combats successfully the ungenial effects of the frosts of early summer, now so common, resists blight, does not become root fallen, and will stand the roughest weather in harvest-time, so much so that it may be left until after the barley is secured, if desirable. This year has established the reputation of the "Mainstay." It is well-known to all how disastrously the Wheats in England were rolled and knocked down by the winds and rains of July. Wherever grown the "Mainstay" stood erect, or only slightly tilted, was free from blight, and produced from nine to eleven-and-a-half sacks per acre of good sample, while other varieties grown on the same farms were laid and blighted to such an extent that the produce does not come to more than six or seven sacks of thin poor grain. It is generally acknowledged that the finer qualities of our Wheats have degenerated of late years; they have become delicate, susceptible of every adverse climatic influence, and consequently it is only in exceptionally favorable seasons that the quality and yield are satisfactory. So far as the "MAINSTAY" has been tried, it has proved itself equal to combating those influences to which Talavera, Essex Rough Chaffs, and other fine qualities of Wheat, succumb. It remains to be proved by farmers generally whether or no it deserves the high encomiums passed upon it by those who have grown it, as being an "Invaluable Stock."

Subjoined are a few particulars of its composition, etc.:

Yield of Flour in 1874, 82 per cent.			
The chief constituents of the Flour may be put thus:			
Gluten and Albumen.....	21.5	Substances for the support of animal heat.....	63.4
Sugar and Gum.....	5.0	and for the formation of fat.....	21.5
Fibre.....	1.3	Flesh-forming substances.....	13.2
Oil.....	1.9	Water.....	1.9
Water.....	13.2	Inorganic matter.....	1.0
Mineral Matters.....	1.9		
	100.0		100.0

The seed intended for the present growth has been very carefully selected, each ear having been hand-drawn, and thrashed by a flail, the only means of preserving a prize stock.

All communications should be addressed to Capt. Delf, care of Frank Leslie, 637 Pearl Street, New York City.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

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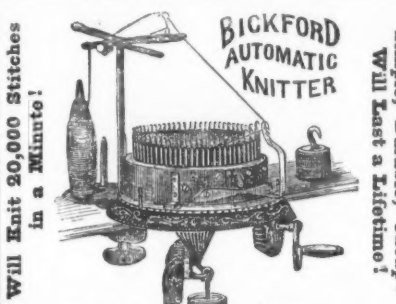
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